

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFORT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 63.—No. 35.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
6d. By Post.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

SEPTEMBER 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1885.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:—M^{rs} ALBANI, Miss ANNA WILLIAMS, Miss HILDA COWARD, M^{rs} PATEY, M^{rs} ENRIQUEZ, Mr EDWARD LLOYD, Mr HARPER KEARTON, Mr BRERETON, and Mr SATTLEY. Leader of the Band—Mr J. T. CARRODUS. Conductor—Dr COLBORE.

Sept. 8th.—MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."
Sept. 9th.—GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION."
Sept. 9th (Evening).—SPORR'S "LAST JUDGMENT;" BACH'S "A STRONG-HOLD SURE."
Sept. 10th.—DYORAK'S "STABAT MATER;" MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE."

Sept. 11th.—HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."
CONCERTS IN SHIRE HALL, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY EVENINGS.
Symphony in D major, No. 5 (Mozart). Overtures: *Fidelio*, *Ray Blas*, and *Jubilee*. New Cantata, "ST KEVIN" (Dr J. SMITH). Solo and Chorus, "SONG OF BALDUR" (C. H. LLOYD). (The two latter composed expressly for this Festival.)

Programmes, Tickets, &c., of Jakeman and Carver, Hereford. Further information of Hon. and Rev. B. L. S. STANHOPE, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

Under the immediate patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN and the Royal Family.
Principal—Professor Sir GEORGE A. MACFARREN.

The NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT will take place Oct. 23.
The MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, Sept. 21, and terminate on SATURDAY, Dec. 19.

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Professed Lady Students. The NEW SESSION OPENS ON OCTOBER 1. Professor E. Pauer; Ferdinand Praeger; E. Prout, B.A.; A. J. Eyre; M^{rs} M. Pereira; Amelia Roberts; M^{rs} St Germaine; F. Rizzelli; Otto Manns; Robert Reed, &c. There is an Entrance Examination to the Second and Third Grades; Students are entered at the beginning of each Term.

Apply to F. K. J. SHENTON,
Superintendent, Educational Department.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—

Principal—Mr LANSDOWNE COTTELL.

The NEW BUILDING and LADIES' RESIDENT Department now open, facing Porchester Square, near the Royal Oak Railway Station, W., unsurpassed for appointments and facilities for study.

The Conservatoire offers the Highest Class practical Education, Singing, Piano, Violin, &c., from £1 1s., the Term commencing any day. Free Scholarships and Introductions awarded for the encouragement of talent. Concerts, Orchestra, and Choir weekly. Prospectus—Hon. Sec., 1, WESTBOURNE PARK, Royal Oak, W.

RAFF CONSERVATOIRE at FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.

under the Honorary Presidency of Dr HANS VON BÜLOW. INSTRUCTION IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF MUSIC. Terms: For One Chief Department and the Obligatory Subordinate Departments, 300 Marks per Annum; for Hospitants in One Department, 150 Marks per annum. In June every year the Course for the Upper Classes of Pianoforte Playing, under Dr Hans von Bülow, to which Hospitants are admitted. OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOLASTIC YEAR on 15th SEPTEMBER, 1885. For further particulars and prospectus apply to the

BLICHSTRASSE, 13.

DIRECTION.

"MY LADY SLEEPS" ("STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.")

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing GIBSON'S fine setting of LONGFELLOW'S Poem, "MY LADY SLEEPS" ("STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT"), during his Provincial Tour, viz.: at Bournemouth, August 29; Weymouth, August 31 and Sept. 2; Hastings, Sept. 3, 4, and 5; Brighton, Sept. 7 to 12.

"GAVOTTE DU ROI"

MISS MARIE CLIFFORD will play GERARD COVENTRY'S admired "GAVOTTE DU ROI" Every Evening during the above Tour. Published, Price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL

(For Families and Gentlemen),

PARADE, MARGATE.

LONG-ESTABLISHED, RENOWNED, ESTEEMED. NOW ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Peculiar:

Spacious Apartments, Cleanliness, Attention, Comfort, Excellence, and Moderate Charges.

TABLE D'HÔTE, BILLIARDS, &c. LADIES' COFFEE ROOM.
READING AND SMOKING ROOMS.

The "RUBY HUBBARD" BUVETTE, for High-Class Refreshments.

G. WHITBREAD REEVE, PROPRIETOR.

FOURTH GRADE JUST PUBLISHED.

Price Two Shillings each.

Under the Sanction and Approval of the Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., and of Sir G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

THE MUSICIAN:

A GUIDE FOR PIANOFORTE STUDENTS.

BY

RIDLEY PRENTICE.

CONTAINS ANALYSES OF WELL-KNOWN PIECES PROGRESSIVELY ARRANGED, ENABLING THE PUPIL TO UNITE A STUDY OF MUSICAL FORM WITH THE ORDINARY PIANOFORTE PRACTICE.

Saturday Review.—"We are far from suggesting that there is any royal road for acquiring technical knowledge, but we are quite certain Mr Ridley Prentice's road is in every way the pleasantest that has yet been laid before any pianoforte student."

Academy.—"A knowledge of form is imparted in simple and pleasant language. We heartily commend it to all who desire to understand, satisfactorily interpret, and enjoy beautiful music."

Graphic.—"Written with the laudable purpose of helping the pianoforte student to understand and enjoy beautiful music."

School Board Chronicle.—"A useful book for earnest teachers."

Musical Review.—"Mr Ridley Prentice has newly developed an important though much neglected branch of the teacher's duties."

Monthly Musical Record.—"No more valuable work of the kind is in existence."

W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;
And all Book and Music Sellers.

A DREAM WISH, Music by BERGSON, Poetry by Mrs M. A. BAINES, Sung by Miss BERTHA FORESTA, &c.; and "SERENADE MORESQUE," Music by BERGSON, Sung by Mr IVER McKAY, &c., are published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"THADY AND I"

MISS ADELAIDE MULLEN will sing HARVEY'S admired Irish Ballad, "THADY AND I," at Liverpool, This (Saturday) Evening, August 29.

"SERENADE MORESQUE."

MR IVER McKAY sang with great effect Professor BERGSON'S admired "SERENADE MORESQUE," at Professor Carl Ryals' Concert, at 29, Albert Gate.—(The "Serenade Moresque" is published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

"HIS FOOTSTEPS."

MDLLE LILAS SPONTINI sang (by special desire) her admired Song, "HIS FOOTSTEPS," at the West Kensington Park Popular Concerts.—Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY."

MR VICTOR ROMILLY sang HOPE TEMPLE'S admired Song, "TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY," at Bayswater, July 20. Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

CHARLES LANE HUTCHINGS,

OF
BLENHEIM HOUSE, BLENHEIM STREET, NEW BOND ST.,
MUSIC PUBLISHER,

HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that the late firm of HUTCHINGS & ROMER having been dissolved on the 30th April, 1884, he has no connection with any person or persons trading under the name of the late firm. Mr HUTCHINGS acquired by purchase at the sale of the effects of Hutchings & Romer many of the valuable Copyrights, and is prepared to supply them to the Trade and Public generally. The copyrights purchased include, amongst others, the operas MARTANA, LURLINE, ROSE OF CASTILLE, &c., &c., and a great many of Signor TITO MATTEI'S Popular Compositions, Lists of which may be had on application.

OBSERVE THE ADDRESS—

HUTCHINGS & CO.,
BLENHEIM HOUSE, BLENHEIM STREET, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

SUNG BY MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

ARDITI'S NEW VALSE SONG.

"L'INCANTATRICE."

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

From the "Daily Telegraph."

"In the Lesson Scene of *Il Barbiere*, the great artist brought forward a waltz air, 'L'Incantatrice,' by Signor Arditi. This melodious and engaging piece derived every advantage from Mme Patti's brilliant singing, and was unanimously encored."

From the "Daily News."

"The Lesson Scene included a new *valse arie*, 'L'Incantatrice,' composed by Signor Arditi. The piece, while preserving the dance rhythm, also offers abundant opportunity for the display of those executive powers which Mme Patti possesses in such rare perfection. Her admirable rendering of it elicited prolonged and enthusiastic applause that necessitated its repetition."

From the "Globe."

"In the Lesson Scene Mme Patti introduced an elegant vocal waltz, 'L'Incantatrice' ('The Enchantress'), which was unanimously encored."

From the "Observer."

"In the Lesson Scene Mme Patti introduced a melodious waltz, 'L'Incantatrice,' composed for her by Signor Arditi. This was followed by applause so perseveringly prolonged that a repetition of the waltz became unavoidable."

From the "Sunday Times."

"In the Lesson Scene Mme Patti sang in brilliant style Arditi's waltz, 'L'Incantatrice,' which had to be repeated."

From the "Morning Post."

"The new waltz, 'L'Incantatrice,' written for her by the Maestro Arditi, the conductor, was given with such exquisite finish and spontaneity that the title of the *Valse* was transferred to the artist, for the whole audience was literally the slave of her enchantments. The waltz was encored twice."

From the "Daily Chronicle."

"An interesting element in Saturday's performance was the introduction by Mme Patti, in the Lesson Scene, of a new vocal waltz by Signor Arditi, entitled 'L'Incantatrice.' From the charm of Mme Patti's manner, no less than from the fluency of her vocalization, the waltz was heard under conditions that were most promising for its popularity."

From the "St James's Gazette."

"'L'Incantatrice,' as Arditi's latest waltz is called (sung by Mme Patti in the *Barbiere*), is brilliantly written in the true waltz rhythm, with all kinds of striking effects for the voice. By its tuneful themes, no less than by its passages of vocalization, it produced a most favourable impression, being loudly applauded and enthusiastically encored."

MUSIC STRINGS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. P. GUIVIER & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

ALL KINDS OF MUSIC STRINGS FOR ALL
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Sole Dépôt for Signor ANDREA RUFFINI'S (of Naples) Celebrated Strings for Solists, manufactured by him on a system invented by Mons. J. B. VUILLAUME, of Paris.

Sole Agent for CHARLES ALBERT'S (of Philadelphia, U.S.) new Patent Improved Chin Rest; also his improved String Gauge.

39, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

Price Lists free on application.

All kinds of Strings covered in a superior manner on powerful machines made on the best principle with all modern improvements.

"A LAMENT," BY LILLIE ALBRECHT,
"Valse de Bravura," BY JULES BRISSAC,

Played by Mrs ROECKEL, during the Exhibition of Women's Industries, held at Clifton, at her

"RECITAL OF MUSIC COMPOSED BY WOMEN,"

are published, price 4s. each, by

DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MESSRS HUTCHINGS & ROMER

BEG to announce to the Music Trade and the Public that they now publish NEW and CHEAP EDITIONS of the following important Works:—

LOYAL RESPONSES, containing 40 of the last compositions of the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, hitherto published at 5s. net, cloth, will now be issued in strong paper covers at 2s. 6d. net, and in cloth, 4s. net.

THE ORGANISTES CONTEMPORAINS. 37 Numbers now out, 2s. net. Each number containing 25 pieces for the Organ or Harmonium, will be published in books containing six numbers, in strong paper covers, at 8s. net.

LODER'S VIOLIN SCHOOL, formerly published at 12s. net, is now issued at 4s. net.

CRIVELLI'S COMPLETE ART OF SINGING, hitherto published at One Guinea, is reduced to 12s. net.

ROMER'S SCHOOL OF SINGING is reduced from 10s. 6d. to 5s. Half-price to the public.

CHORUSES FOR TREBLE VOICES.

WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

No. 1.	STEERSMAN, STEER OUR BARK ("Flying Dutchman")	Wagner
2.	THE WINDS NOW ARE HUSHED	Do.
3.	SPINNING CHORUS!	Do.
4.	SINGING LIKE ME	Sir G. Macfarren
5.	PARTING	Sir G. Macfarren
6.	THE MERMAIDS	Sir G. Macfarren

(See List, T to 40.)

CANTATAS FOR TREBLE VOICES.

	Composers	s.	d.
A SUMMER NIGHT	Agulhar	net	3 0
ALL HALLOW EVE	Bennett Gilbert	2	0
BRIDE OF BURLEIGH	F. Schira	3	0
CRYSTAL SLIPPER	J. L. Roedel	4	0
ELFIN KNIGHT	Ignace Gibsone	3	0
FALL OF THE LEAF	Odoardo Barri	3	0
HARVEST QUEEN	A. G. Fowles	3	0
KNIGHT OF PALESTINE	C. M. Weber	3	0
MAGIC WELL	Franz Abt	3	0
MAGIC FLOWER	F. F. Rogers	3	0
MAY TIDE	Mazzoni	3	0
MOUNTAIN MAIDENS	F. Romer	3	0
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE	Offenbach	3	0
PAGE (THE)	M. W. Balfe	3	0
SEA MAIDENS	J. L. Roedel	3	0
WESTWARD HO!	J. L. Roedel	4	0

Libretto to above, net, 6d.

CANTATAS FOR MIXED VOICES.

JOHN GILPIN	T. Anderton	net	3 6
MAZEPPA	M. W. Balfe	6	0
PARADISE AND THE PERI	J. F. Barnett	6	0
STORY OF A FAITHFUL SOUL	Mdme Sainton-Dolby	4	0

Also the following popular Compositions of IGNACE GIBSONE:

Also the following popular compositions of various composers:										
CAPRICE A LA TARANTELE	4	0
CRADLE SONG	3	0
ENCHANTED PIANO	4	0
EVENING SONG	3	0
GOLDEN WINGS	3	0
AS YESTERDAY I WAS SPINNING,	Song	4	0
SWEET WEE BIRD	Do.	3	0
A MESSAGE FROM MY LADY	Do.	4	0

Also, in the Press, Two New Pianoforte Pieces by IGNACE GIBSONE:

THE MONK (a Legend) and A NURSERY TALE.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

THREE PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO PER CENT. INTEREST on CURRENT ACCOUNTS calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £50.

The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of charge, the custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities.

Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free, on application.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY'S ANNUAL RECEIPTS EXCEED FIVE MILLIONS.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with immediate possession and no Rent to pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, as above.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From "The Daily Telegraph.")

Birmingham, Sunday.

Once more Time's ceaseless march has brought the musical world to the point of its chief recurring solemnity. The history of music in England for many years past is divided into chapters by Birmingham Festivals. Amateurs reckon from them and their principal doings. They talk of the year of *Elijah*, of *Naaman*, of *The Woman of Samaria*, or of *The Bride of Dunkerron*, just as in time to come they will refer to the year of *The Redemption*, or that of *The Spectre's Bride*. A reflex, this, of the vivid interest called forth by each occasion—interest which itself is partly based upon a proud record of splendid achievements, and the dignity and honour arising therefrom. The Birmingham Festival has justly earned all the distinction these words imply. The managers may have made mistakes from time to time, but the purity of their motives, like the energy of their action, remains unquestioned, and they have never shrunk from the task of setting their house in order when, through lapse of years or the careless confidence born of success, a need of renovation has arisen. No one can forget the peaceful revolution effected after the comparative failure of 1879, and prior to the magnificent triumph of 1882. That revolution was, in some sort, a renewal of youth, none of the brightness and vigour of which seems as yet to have passed away. I mark those qualities in the programme of the Festival about to begin, and in the changes made feasible by the death of Sir Michael Costa. Even those who are suffering from, or who on any ground disapprove, the recent action of the committee, must concede to them the possession of Birmingham thoroughness. The half-hearted spirit from which half-measures spring cannot be charged against the men who a few months ago subjected the old chorus to an operation more drastic than *Pride's* purge, and dismissed above a hundred members of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra. It is to various—mayhap wiser—manifestations of this same vigour that the Birmingham Festival owes its exalted rank. Whatever its managers find to do they do "out and out." The motto on their crest should be "Stop at nothing."

No better illustration of the foregoing remarks could be desired than that found in the present programme—a most interesting and suggestive document. It contains the names of eight works specially composed for the occasion. The number I believe to be unexampled; while, taken with regard to dimensions and character, the mass of new music has never been approached. There are in it two oratorios, three cantatas, a hymn, an orchestral symphony, and a violin concerto. If this be not thoroughness, where shall thoroughness be found? But the boldness of it is hardly less. A grain of timidity in the Festival councils might have made them shrink from the responsibility of indicting eight works by living composers upon an unoffending and unsuspecting world. There is always an element of risk in the generation of novelties. Full assurance of quality cannot be given, and festival committees may well contemplate with afright the chance of helping to bring into existence an addition to already numerous tribes of lame and blind. Birmingham, in this regard, knows no fear—some may say that it is courageous even to rashness, seeing that six of the chosen composers are sons of an "un-musical country." "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"—and England is a Nazareth in which even the Nazarenes do not greatly believe, having more faith in men from Bethesda or Capernaum. The Birmingham managers, by thinking well of their musical countrymen, have put themselves at the head of those who, discerning the signs of the times, believe that our old supremacy is coming back, slowly perhaps, but as surely as the return of the tide over mud-flats and sand-banks. All honour to them for this. Had they many sins, so robust a faith as that now shown would furnish a cloak to cover them. A glance at the list of novelties sees more than the suggestiveness of a group of English names; it marks the absence of the German. Not a single composer of the nationality to which Beethoven belonged is represented there, while in the entire programme the name of a living German nowhere appears. Liszt, the Hungarian, Dvorák, the Bohemian, Gounod and Massenet, the Frenchmen, stand by the side of contemporary Englishmen; and as to men of alien birth, these are all. Modern Germany, it is true, contributes three selections from the works of Wagner, so lately living; but the others who represent the genius of the Fatherland belong to the classic era. Let the fact be noted, since, taken in conjunction with others of a like character, it comes out of the category of accidents, and signifies much.

Some particulars of the principal novelty—Gounod's *Mors et Vita*—have already appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, and that work may now be passed over. The second oratorio is founded by Mr Villiers Stanford upon the story of the Three Holy Children, after whom it is called. Considerable excellence may be claimed for the book, in compiling which Mr Stanford was assisted by the Dean of

Chester, Canon Percy Hudson, and Mr H. F. Wilson, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The first part cleverly uses the text of Psalm cxxxvii., "By the waters of Babylon," in connection with a dramatic scene, which forms a kind of prologue to that of the worship refused by Shadrach and his companions. The solemnity on the Plain of Dura is dealt with in Part II., and the whole concludes with an ascription of praise taken from Psalm cxlviii., and the apocryphal "Song of the Three Children." Unlike *Mors et Vita*, the *Three Holy Children* is not of full dimensions, and the programme in which it appears contains also Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony. With regard to the music, there need be no hesitation in saying that it puts Mr Stanford in a light more favourable than any that ever before shone upon him. As a composer, this gentleman appears to have sown his wild oats. He has forsaken the devious wilds of modern German art, and the "sweet reasonableness" of his *Elegiac Ode* is now followed by almost classic clearness, breadth, and force. Hardly anything connected with the Birmingham Festival is more important than this manifestation; at which I, for one, exult on the principle that there should be more joy over a sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance. Turning to the cantatas, Mr F. H. Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty* stands first in order of performance. The libretto of this work is from the pen of Mr Francis Hueffer, who has followed pretty closely, though not servilely, the accepted form of the old-world legend, telling it partly in blank, partly in irregular rhymed verse, and adopting a structure which is dramatic, with occasional lapses into narrative. Mr Cowen has written throughout with a dainty pen. *The Sleeping Beauty* contains some of his prettiest melodies; it is often marked by intense expression, and the scoring is everywhere made interesting as well as effective by means superior to mere devices of noise. That the cantata will win public favour seems as well assured as anything in the future can be. Next on the list stands *Yule Tide*, by Mr Thomas Anderton, a well-known representative of local talent, but a musician whose reputation is by no means confined to the region round about his dwelling. For this composer Miss Julia Goddard provided a book in which, to quote her own "argument," "there is no developed dramatic design or continuous story." For the first time in musical history, perhaps, we have a libretto modelled on the plan of a "Christmas Number," certain independent stories being connected merely by the companionship of the storytellers. The idea is somewhat boldly applied, and secures variety, if nothing else. As Yule-tide music should have a distinctively English character, Mr Anderton will be praised rather than blamed for writing throughout with necessary simplicity and straightforwardness. His work contains nothing abstruse. All its merits lie on the surface, and are as easily appreciated as the delights of the cheery season he has illustrated. The third cantata—Anton Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride*—will, no doubt, be challenged for its ghastly subject, which doth horror upon horror's head accumulate. Founded on the legend thought good enough for treatment by Scott and Bürger, and musically illustrated by Raff in his *Lenore* symphony, it transcends all, both in scope and detail. Nothing more horrible than the climax ever sprang from the working of a morbid imagination. The story is put in narrative form, which was scarcely the best for the composer's purpose; nevertheless, Mr Dvorák's music is full of dramatic suggestiveness. That it is marked by originality need scarcely be said. The Bohemian composer has his own way of looking at things, and his own way of talking about them. What that is the musical public well know and appreciate. In connection with Dr J. F. Bridge's hymn appears the name of Mr W. E. Gladstone. Nearly forty years ago the all-embracing labours of our ex-Premier took in Latin translations of English poetry, a volume of which, the joint work of Mr Gladstone and his brother-in-law, Lord Lytton, was published in 1861. It contained a rendering of Tostad's "Rock of ages, cleft for me," from the pen of the great commoner, and this it is which the organist of Westminster Abbey has set for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra. As far as the pianoforte score allows of judgment, the work has a musical not less than a literary interest, and may mark the advent on a conspicuous platform of a composer destined to grace it in after time. A few words must suffice for the two remaining novelties—orchestral compositions, which it may be dangerous to judge without hearing. The Symphony in F (No. 3) by Mr Ebenezer Prout is a work of classic design, having many things in common with illustrious masterpieces and worthy every way of a musician whose skill and intelligence are indisputable. Mr A. C. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto (to be played by Senor Sarasate) departs in several respects from accepted form. These variations may, or may not, be improvements, but it is certain that the Scottish composer has again produced a thing made beautiful by fancy, and by those higher technical qualities which touch the border of inspiration.

Taking a general view of the choral works, one feature secures

immediate attention. I refer to the prominent use made of representative themes. Gounod, Dvorák, Stanford, and Cowen, all follow the example of Wagner, and play at permutations and combinations as though oratorios and cantatas were impossible without them. The idea of representative themes is undoubtedly a good one, and no opponent of modern developments would desire to condemn it utterly. But the practice may be carried too far, especially as there is always a temptation to that end. Admit that a composer may largely construct an oratorio or cantata by the repetition of half-a-dozen short melodies, and the chances are that he will not refuse to avail himself of a labour-saving device. The plan makes composition cheap in proportion as it is carried out. But this is not its only drawback. It represses imagination by fettering it to a system determined without reference to any particular condition, and instead of liberating a composer from subjection to rule, makes him the slave of a method more binding than any imposed by the pedantry of the past.

I have referred to sweeping changes made in the personnel of the festival. These include the appointment of Herr Richter as conductor, *vice* Sir M. Costa, deceased. To put a German in the place of an Italian is not to alter the balance of things as between native and foreign art, but the committee's preference for Herr Richter, when it was in their power to appoint an Englishman, has naturally called forth angry remonstrance. Every English amateur, I imagine, will regret that no one among his compatriots was chosen. So far we can all agree, nor is there much difficulty in making out a plain case beyond. The Birmingham managers are understood to say that they were bound to elect the best man, irrespective of nationality. Taking the expression in a broad sense, it cannot raise much difference of opinion; the only debatable point being whether, having regard to the duty of encouraging native talent, the superiority of the foreigner should not be of a marked and incontestable character. This point leads at once into the supreme question: Was Herr Richter so far the best available man as that choice of an Englishman, while, perhaps, encouraging native talent, would have damaged the festival and art? The committee resolved in the affirmative, and, as yet, it is too early for calling in question their decision. Should Herr Richter carry the festival through triumphantly, it will avail little to urge that someone else, who has not been tried, might have done as well. An hypothesis is weak against an accomplished fact. On the other hand, should Herr Richter fail, the committee will be ready enough, as on previous occasions, to make a new departure. This, as it seems to me, is a fair way of putting the case. I may be zealous for native interests, but my zeal would be foolishness if it refused fair trial to a man put forward by responsible authority as better than our best. The changes made in the orchestra are less defensible. *Prima facie*, the step is a questionable one which dismisses over a hundred members of the late Sir Michael Costa's orchestra, and takes on more than sixty who have been associated with Herr Richter at St James's Hall. It is questionable because so many cases could not have been determined by considerations of individual merit. Hence personal injustice has arisen without corresponding advantage, which, even at the best, would afford no excuse. Herr Richter may have desired—not unnaturally, I admit—to surround himself with players whom he knew, but it was his duty to consider the claims of men associated for years past with the festival, and against whom no charge of incompetence would lie. The committee also should have borne their old servants in mind, and, at least, have insisted upon a consideration of individual merit. In the conductor's case they wanted the best available man. Was this the policy which determined all the changes in the orchestra? Hardly. The solo vocalists are Mme Albani, Mrs Hutchinson, Miss Anna Williams, Mme Patey, Mme Trebelli, Messrs E. Lloyd, Maas, Santley, King, Mills, and Foli. Senor Sarasate is solo violinist, Mr Stimpson presides at the organ, Mr Stockley is again an efficient chorus-master, and Mr A. Burnett, in conjunction with Herr Schiever, acts as *chef-d'attaque*, while Herr Richter conducts in all cases where the performance of new works is not directed by their respective composers.

The prospects of the Festival are not equal to those which encouraged everybody three years ago; the bookings for seats up to Friday night, when the last ballot took place, showing a reduction of 2,155; the figures being 9,918 in 1882 as against 7,763 now. This is a serious falling off, and much to be regretted even by those who attribute it to temporary depression of trade. Some of the statistics are curious, especially those which seem to indicate a revulsion of feeling against M. Gounod's music. The bookings for the two performances of *The Redemption* in 1882 were 4,274, while for *Mors et Vita* they are no more than 2,280, a reduction of, in round numbers, 2,000. This is so large a proportion of the general decrease, that special reasons must exist for it, and are partly discoverable, perhaps, in the less attractive nature of the subject, in the use of a Latin text, and in the absence of M. Gounod himself. But, however the case

may be, the fact remains that *Mors et Vita*, as a musical work, is better adapted for popularity than its predecessor. The bookings for Wednesday evening (*Yule Tide*), Thursday evening (*Spectre's Bride*), Thursday morning (*Messiah*), and Friday morning (*Three Holy Children*), are somewhat less than those three years ago, but Tuesday evening (*Sleeping Beauty*) shows an advance, and Tuesday morning (*Elijah*) the very marked gain of 249 seats. Mendelssohn's oratorio is still the Festival's best friend.

The work of rehearsal went on all day yesterday, and will continue all day to-morrow, but of this it would be superfluous to speak.

Tuesday.

The Festival opened this morning in the usual manner. Once more Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the great glory of this institution, drew a crowd filling the Town Hall to the doors, and secured for itself the reverent attention that is almost worship. This morning's performance was looked forward to with much curiosity, mayhap with a little anxiety, seeing that, for the first time in English experience, Herr Richter presided at *Elijah*. New readings of old texts are fashionable in these days, and a conductor of eminence taking up a familiar piece encrusted with traditions is sorely tempted to rub them off and put on a gloss of his own. In such a manner self-assertiveness often tramples reverence under its feet, to the sore injury of the man and the work. Would Herr Richter weakly fall before an inducement to put forth a "Richter reading," or would he, standing in the place Mendelssohn once filled, adhere to the usage that master established? These were debatable questions till noon to-day, when an answer set them at rest for ever. The performance, as a matter of fact, departed very little indeed from the model with which we are all familiar; whilst its slight deviations amounted to no more than such differences of tempo as may legitimately distinguish one man's feeling of the music from the feeling of another. Herr Richter took a few numbers in slower time than usual, and that was substantially all he permitted himself in the way of innovation. Amongst the examples so treated were the overture, which gained by the change, the *chorale* at the end of "Yet doth the Lord see it not," and the quartet, "Cast thy burden," the advantage in the two last named cases not being quite obvious. Commendably reticent as to the important matter just touched upon, Herr Richter's first conduct of a festival oratorio was equal to his reputation and the expectations founded upon it. There were occasions, as in the choral recitatives at the end of "Help, Lord, wilt Thou quite destroy us?" when his beat was not precise enough to secure a perfect entry of the voices; but these hardly affected a result which, I am happy to say, was most satisfactory. Let me add that the new conductor's zeal for the work never appeared in doubt. He is credited with special adhesion to artistic canons which Mendelssohn would have repelled with lively wrath, and those by whom the theories in question are adopted make no question of showing how little they think of any other.

Next in point of interest to the question of the conductor was that of the orchestra, which, besides being virtually a new one, varies in numerical strength and balance of parts from that presided over by the late Sir Michael Costa. Herr Richter has materially altered the balance formerly existing between the wind and string divisions of the orchestra, largely strengthening the first, while, in almost the same proportion, weakening the second. He has, in fact, adapted the machine to the exigencies of modern music, which tends more and more to exalt the "wind" at the expense of what was formerly styled the quartet. This course would be right enough if the bulk of the music to be played were akin to Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" or the selections from Wagner. But it happens that the preponderance is, if anywhere, on the other side, and hence pieces of a classic character are made subject to the conditions imposed by an orchestra suitable for works in modern style. Taking the present orchestra as a whole I am bound, if sooth must be said, to pronounce it inferior as a festival machine to that which helped to make famous the regime of Sir Michael Costa. On this point there exists, in my mind, not the smallest doubt. That Herr Richter has it well in hand goes without saying; the advantage following, in a special degree, from the wholesale dismissal of Costa's men in order to make room for his own.

The chorus did well this morning, and promised excellent results for the rest of the week. It is evenly balanced, and composed for the most part of young, fresh voices. The choral rendering of "He watching over Israel" was simply exquisite in its delicacy and refinement of expression. Not often has anything better been heard anywhere, and connected therewith let the name of Mr Stockley, the chorus-master, receive honourable mention.

I have kept the solo vocalists to the last, because there is the least to be said about them. Miss Anna Williams, Mme Albani, Mme Trebelli, Mme Patey, Mr Lloyd, Mr Santley—how often have these

artists done what they did to-day under like conditions, and always with the same effect! As well might one who describes a sunrise be careful to convey the shape of the luminary as for the critic of an *Elijah* performance to detail points made by such familiar singers. Enough that, inspired by the occasion, each was heard at the best. What that is every one sufficiently interested to read these lines well knows. The subordinate solo parts were undertaken by Mrs Hutchinson, Mr C. B. Bragg, Mr F. King, and Mr Watkin Mills, who did them all possible justice. I should add that Mr Bragg represented local amateurism, having earned that distinction by recognized ability. Referring for a moment to the concerted music for solo voices, a special word is demanded by "Lift thine eyes," which Mdme Albani, Mdme Trebelli, and Mdme Patey gave in absolute perfection. The National Anthem—Costa's arrangement—was sung before the oratorio with remarkable effect.

This evening the first novelty of the week was presented, and received with the cordial approval of a very numerous audience. The fortunate work owes its existence to Mr Francis Hueffer and Mr Frederick H. Cowen, and is based upon the charming myth of *The Sleeping Beauty*, common in one or another form to so many countries, and the generation of so much song and story. The choice of this subject was a happy one, not only for the sympathy that must necessarily go out to it, but because its incidents are capable of varied and poetic treatment. Mr Hueffer has adopted a form which is partly narrative, partly and chiefly dramatic. This can never be other than difficult to work out, but the author magnified the obstacles in his path when he resolved to accentuate the drama by "stage directions." The change from narrative to scenes and situation, fully defined in the language of the theatre, is markedly felt as incongruous; but it was felt only once, the narrative ceasing with the prologue. Four principal *dramatis personae* are introduced—the Princess, the King (her father), the Prince (her lover), and a wicked fay, who embodies the evil principle without which no drama would be complete. The motives of the first three are clear, but Mr Hueffer has left the fourth without any at all. She appears at the christening feast with her maledictions, but why she does so nobody knows. The twelve good fays come with blessings to the King's Palace because they are "the guardians of his ancient house." Their case is clear enough; that of the opposition, on the contrary, cannot be understood, unless we are to assume that wicked fays, impelled by the malignity of their natures, go about cursing in a promiscuous manner. The point is, however, of no special importance when once the story gets fairly afloat. The wicked fay's motive may be doubtful; the power it impels is not doubtful at all, and that absorbs attention. Mr Hueffer's scenes after the prologue has bestowed the blessing and inflicted the curse are four in number. First comes the feast which celebrates the Princess's immediate release from the malediction. Impelled by she knows not what, the maiden retires from the gay throng, and the second scene shows her in a turret chamber, where the wicked fay is seated at her spinning wheel, harbouring the deadly intent of working out her own prophecy. The Princess is persuaded to touch the flax. In doing so she pricks her finger with the spindle, and immediately the spell of slumber passes upon all within the Palace. Then the wicked fay performs an incantation while describing magic circles in the air. Her purpose is a curious one—to keep out intruders by means of a "wall of thorns and blooming briars of roses." This novel fortification arises accordingly, and the chorus sings an interlude descriptive of the scene, which remains undisturbed for presumably a hundred years. The third scene is laid, like the first, in the Castle Hall, whither comes the faithful Prince, bearing the naked sword with which he has hacked his way through the guarding roses. Victorious in the combat with thorns and briars, he gallantly summonses the sleepers to awake. They heed him not, and he presses on to the "ultimate goal of love," which his dreams have prefigured. For the fourth scene we go again to the turret chamber, whither comes the Prince, beholds a sleeping beauty, and, after some appropriate remarks, kisses her into waking life. All the palace wakes at the same moment, the dance music, silent for a hundred years, resumes where it left off, and the Prince and Princess go into an ecstasy of love. So evil is defeated, good triumphant, and all ends happily.

Unquestionably, a good story is here, and well set out for musical treatment. In these respects the composer could hardly have been served better, and Mr Cowen may consider himself fortunate. But it is curious to see how Mr Hueffer, a recognized advocate of Wagnerism, has been influenced by certain episodes in the *Nibelungen Ring*. To some extent he could hardly avoid this, so strongly does the myth with which he has dealt suggest Siegfried and Brunnhilde. But Mr Hueffer has almost ostentatiously set up a kind of parallelism. The wicked fay, as she spins and sings "The folds of Time are unfurled, And the rolling wheel is the world, And each single thread is a life," reminds us of the Norns and their rope in

the "Twilight of the Gods." When uttering her incantation the wicked fay is Wotan calling up the guardian fire around his sleeping daughter. The Prince bursting, sword in hand, through the roses is Siegfried leaping the flames. He, too, wakes his love with a kiss, and joins her in passionate song, glowing with true Wagnerian heat of feeling and utterance. Undoubtedly the book shows that Mr Hueffer possesses some qualifications for this treatment of his story, but the poetic thought is sometimes better than the language clothing it. We should be thankful for the thought. Occasionally Mr Hueffer is guilty of odd expressions; for example, he speaks of the "tender nightingale's moan," makes the Princess say, "Let us follow my heart, let us glide," and the Princess sings, "In these hands, on these tremulous lips, which I grasp, which I kiss." No one acquainted in ever so slight a degree with the distinctive talent of Mr Cowen can be surprised to hear that he has treated the subject of *The Sleeping Beauty* with great success. The composer of *The Language of the Flowers* is master of a dainty and delicate art peculiarly fitted for such incidents as those above set forth. It enables him by slight and graceful touches to make his music serve every picturesque and suggestive purpose. The composer's use of representative themes certainly borders on excess, though not so much through their multiplication as by reason of their well-nigh incessant use. The orchestration is never involved and confusing, while its colouring often suggests rather the French than the modern German school. These are the principal features of the music, to which, when the work is performed in London, it will be a pleasure to return. In the dearth of interesting details, for the present I make myself content with simple mention of a few conspicuous numbers. Among these is a very pleasing orchestral interlude, coming between the prologue and the first scene, and founded upon a prominent representative theme, "Charming is the dance" (chorus), "At dawn of day," and the Princess's solo, "Whither away, my heart," while the Wicked Fay's ballad, "As I sit at my spinning wheel," abounds in forcible character, and the solo of the Prince, "Kneeling before thee," with the duet following, has all the intensity demanded by the situation. These are the chief gems of the work, which to-night appealed to its first audience, and met with initial approval.

The performance, here to be dismissed in few words, was admirable throughout—Mrs Hutchinson (Princess), Mdme Trebelli (Wicked Fay), Mr Lloyd (Prince), and Mr F. King (King), acquitting themselves excellently well, as did both orchestra and chorus. At the close the composer was called to the platform and enthusiastically applauded. Other features in this evening's programme will come up for after-mention. Now there only remains to add that the day's receipts have been £3,326, as against £3,005 in 1882.

Wednesday.

My letter of Sunday last told how great had been the falling-off in applications to hear M. Gounod's new work, *Mors et Vita*, as compared with the places demanded for *The Redemption* three years ago. Yet the appearance of the Town Hall this morning strangely belied the official figures. The place was full, and it is clear either that the managers took special measures to make it so, or, as I would fain believe, that public interest woke up at the eleventh hour. In any case, *Mors et Vita* had a splendid audience, by whom it was heard, from first to last, with profound attention.

My task on the present occasion is much lightened by the fact that, some weeks ago, *The Daily Telegraph* contained an article describing the nature and scope of M. Gounod's oratorio, both as regards words and music. It may, however, be convenient to restate that the book is divided into a prologue and three parts, of which the first is a setting of the *Requiem*, with one or two additional texts, while the second deals with the phenomena of the Last Day, and the third treats of the Heavenly Jerusalem and the happiness of the blessed. Let me also recall to the reader's mind what was said regarding M. Gounod's elaborate use of representative themes, sequences, the chromatic scale, passages of vocal harmony without vocal melody, and the various mannerisms so long associated with his well-known style. To the matter of the book I shall not now return, save for the purpose of stating that it ranks after that of *The Redemption*, because lacking not only the interest of a story, but also close cohesion. It is a succession of episodes to be connected only by an act of the observer's mind. The music, of course, demands renewed and fuller discussion, especially with reference to the distinguishing characteristics above-named. But, first of all, homage should be paid to the deep impressiveness of the work. I am going on to point out what, in my view, are structural and other defects, and desire that it should be known beforehand how far these are from placing *Mors et Vita* near the borderland of failure. The new oratorio is technically and aesthetically a success, though, perhaps, more so in the latter sense than in the former. It

cannot be heard without emotion; or without a sense, at the end, that the spirit of the hearer has been raised to higher than earthly things, while his artistic imagination has been excited and his bodily sense gratified. These results I take as assured signs that the composer's mark has been fully hit.

First among the structural points awaiting discussion is the use made of representative themes. I have already once or twice referred to this matter in another connection, and now find a supreme illustration of the fault pointed out. M. Gounod does not introduce a large number of such themes. There are but five—a *motif* of Terror and Anguish, having the striking form of a sequence of three major seconds; another of Sorrow and Tears; a third of Consolation and Joy (this being the second theme changed from minor to major); a fourth of Happiness; and a fifth of the Awakening of the Dead. All are short and easily distinguished, so that no confusion arises from their employment. So far there is nothing to complain of, but criticism must address itself with some severity to the over-abundant use made of the *leit-motiven*. They occur continually without apparent reason, as well as with it, and, but for interesting adjuncts, their reiteration would be absolutely wearisome instead of stopping short at a feeling of monotony. Now, M. Gounod is one of the composers who can least afford to run this risk. He is not famous for varied phraseology. On the contrary, he has a few prominent mannerisms, so constant as of themselves alone to run into the danger just referred to. How serious, therefore, becomes the emergency when to mannerisms is united abuse of a device needing most careful handling even by a composer who is free from them! M. Gounod has treated the sequence in a similar exaggerated fashion. The sequence, like the *leit-motif*, has its value, and may be turned to excellent account, as many masters have shown, but nothing is easier than to make it a defect. This it certainly is in *Mors et Vita*, where almost innumerable passages, from a single bar to an extended phrase, are iterated and reiterated in a sequence of keys. The effect sometimes is very fine and appropriate, but in many more cases the sequence has no *raison d'être*, and only tends to weariness. Were *Mors et Vita* stripped of all its repetitions, we should be surprised to see from how little a long work has been developed. With regard to the composer's mannerisms, they are found in full force throughout the new oratorio. True, M. Gounod does not, as in *The Redemption*, exhaust the resources of the chromatic scale, but he makes large demands upon them nevertheless; he fills pages with masses of vocal harmony destitute of melodic theme; he fastens with characteristic frequency upon a *point d'orgue*, and then piles up chromatic chords to his heart's content, and he uses the orchestra in the fashion of one who will not leave a corner of his canvas untouched by glowing and sensuous colour. All this simply means that it is M. Gounod who has written the work, and been true to himself. Here I come back to my starting point. Structural peculiarities and mannerisms notwithstanding, *Mors et Vita* impresses—I was about to write awes. The outcome of deep feeling, its music surrounds the hearer with a religious atmosphere, from the influence of which there is no escape. In other words, this oratorio fulfils the highest function of a work of art, which is to place the observer on the same level, and *en rapport* with itself. Before a masterpiece of sculpture, painting, or music, we are not at first technically minded. We are one with its sentiment rather than concerned with its details. Thus it was to-day in the case of *Mors et Vita*, and those who looked for defects had first to loose themselves by an effort from the grasp of the subject and the spell of its artistic exposition.

The foregoing general remarks may be followed up with some of a more particular character. In the prologue for chorus and baritone solo, M. Gounod illustrates very forcibly the sequential characteristics of his method. The whole movement, in fact, is constructed, as far as the voices are concerned, out of two phrases only, and these are each in monotone with a cadence—the first cadence embodying the portentous Terror theme of three major seconds. Here is what may be called "cheap" composition in very truth, yet the effect is wonderfully fine, and the end justifies the means. A setting of the *Requiem* follows, which I hope to see published in a separate form, so full is it of deeply religious music adapted for larger use than would be otherwise possible. Of this the first number shows M. Gounod's fondness for using the voices merely as producers of harmony, while the orchestra supplies melody and colour. The *motif* of Sorrow and Tears figures largely, as might be expected, in the course of the music. An interpolated text, "A custodia matutina," comes in here, and is set very successfully as a double chorus (unaccompanied) in the old Church style of Palestrina and his successors. The "Dies iræ," for chorus only, is disappointing, being not only monotonous, but feeble. For this, however, the "Tuba mirum," with its startling use of the Terror theme, makes large amends, beginning and continuing in a manner exceedingly impressive. "Quid sum miser" appears as a tuneful quartet and chorus, the same melodic character marking the

following soprano solo and chorus, "Felix culpa." This is likely to acquire popularity, as, also, the duet (soprano and contralto) and chorus, "Querens me." In these three numbers, M. Gounod gets away from his representative themes, to the manifest gain of the work and the contentment of its hearers. The quartet and chorus, "Ingemisco," abounds in repetition, but has effective points of a character highly contrasting with the pastoral style of the following tenor solo, "Interoves." M. Gounod is here in his most pleasing, if not his most exalted, mood, and the air will become a favourite in performance. "Confutatis maledictus" is mainly culled from the prologue as to its opening bars, but the number contains a good deal of new matter, especially an effective quartet, "Oro supplex." "Lachrymosa," set as solo and chorus, and the offertorium, "Domine Jesu," call for no particular remark; and of the orthodox fugue on "Quam olim Abraham," it will suffice to say that, while well and boldly written, it comes, like all M. Gounod's fugues, to a premature end. The "Sanctus," apart from an unaccountable use of the Terror theme, may be passed in silence; but the quartet, "Pie Jesu," is a lovely expression of religious feeling in the language of richly emotional music, and as much may be said of the "Agnus Dei." The *Requiem* ends somewhat tamely, notwithstanding an orchestral epilogue which, so to speak, plays off the themes of Terror and Joy one against the other. For separate use this part of the work would need revision.

In the second part a brief orchestral movement depicts the "Sleep of the Dead," another following to illustrate the trumpets at the Last Judgment. These are eminently characteristic of M. Gounod, but that they rise to the height of their great argument his staunchest admirers will hardly venture to say. All the music dealing directly with the tremendous subjects just named comes into the same category. We have, however, a charming soprano solo and chorus of female voices, "Beati qui lavant," which may be classed among the gems of the work. Passing over the "Judgment of the Rejected," for the reason indicated above, the third part presents itself with some notable features to recommend it. One of these is a beautiful baritone solo, "Jerusalem celestis," and another is a second "Sanctus"—a vast improvement upon the first. The fugal *finale*, "Hosanna," is effective as far as it goes. It does not, however, present the grand climax which should come somewhere in such a work, and, by preference, at its end. This is to be regretted.

The foregoing hasty survey omits many points which will occupy attention on future occasions. But they may serve for a general idea of this important oratorio—the fitting sequel of *The Redemption*, and a production not less worthy than characteristic of its distinguished composer. The performance, carefully conducted by Herr Richter, in the absence of M. Gounod, was successful from first to last. Mme Albani, Mme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley gave the solos irreproachably; the choir was in magnificent form, singing the unaccompanied double chorus in splendid style, and generally earning the highest praise; while not far behind in point of excellence stood the orchestra, for whom M. Gounod had made such a liberal provision of responsibility. Success, therefore, marked the production of *Mors et Vita*.

This is a festival of novelties; they crowd thick and fast upon each other, and the labouring pen cannot keep pace. There were no fewer than three in the programme of this evening's concert, the first to appear being Mr Anderton's cantata, *Yule-Tide*. Birmingham boasts some able resident composers, and it is an almost invariable rule with the festival managers to engage one of them as the representative of local talent. In 1882 the fortunate man was Dr Gaul; this year he is Mr Anderton, and both have proved themselves worthy. The libretto of *Yule-Tide*, written by Miss Julia Goddard, is constructed on a plan familiar to readers of Christmas books. A party of merry-makers are seated round the yule-log; as the carollers sing in the snow without they indulge in a seasonable chorus, and then take to story-telling. A sailor tells a tale of the sea, a little child relates a dream, and another reveller adds the dismal narrative of Gudrun and her ghostly lover. Conversation then turns upon the holy day about to dawn, and the whole ends with a "Gloria in Excelsis." Mr Anderton has put forth all his strength to meet the varied demands of his subject as thus presented, and with a generally happy effect. His plan was to deal in independent fashion with each section of the book as it came, and hence the cantata is of an old-fashioned type, in the sense that it has no representative themes. The music makes little pretence to characteristics belonging to what is called the "advanced" school. Yet it is by no means formal and pedantic, presenting rather the happy union of modern expression with established form, to which it would be well if all English composers adhered. Opportunity does not now serve for an examination in detail, and I must be satisfied to indicate such of the numbers as place Mr Anderton's undoubted talent in the most favourable light. One of those is the capital chorus, "The snow lies deep," an unaffected piece, through

which runs the cheeriness and heartfulness of Christmas time. Another excellent number is the "Sailor's Song," in which the composer not only secures an appropriate dash and freedom, but combines therewith musical qualities of high mark. It is a very favourable example of its kind, and also of Mr Anderton's technical skill. The music to the story of Gudrun has force, but hardly enough for the purpose of its darker parts. It is at best in the choral portions, where happy effects are sometimes produced. The gem of the work, and one which would shine in any connection, I take to be a setting in quintet form of Shakspeare's lines, "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes," &c. This is altogether beautiful as music, and not less in its happy expression of the feeling of the words. A man who can produce such a piece has a right to hold up his head among composers. All the Christmas music that follows has merit, and Mr Anderton may be congratulated upon having justified the managers in bestowing upon him an honourable distinction. He was "called" at the close and very warmly applauded. Herr Richter ably conducted the performance, in which Mrs Hutchinson, Mme Trebelli, Mr Maas, and Mr F. King took part. Mrs Hutchinson seemed over-weighted by some portions of her task. Mme Trebelli was excellent, as usual, and Mr King gave a good account of what he had to do. The solo "hit," however, was made by Mr Maas in the "Sailor's Song," which he rendered with immense vigour and splendid effect, thus, at the earliest moment, making his mark on the festival.

The second novelty was a symphony (No. 3) in F major, by Mr Ebenezer Prout—a composer whose claims I certainly need not stop to urge. In this work, Mr Prout has followed closely the lines laid down by the classical masters, having first turned a deaf ear to the counsels of their successors. The result is that we have a new symphony perfectly clear in form, so constructed as that the relation of any one part to the rest is readily discovered, and so scored as that the various powers of the orchestra are kept in their proper places and put to a legitimate use. These are great merits to begin with, and more appear when the symphony is looked into. Following the oldest form, Mr Prout begins with an independent introduction, developed at some length, and serving to excite expectation. From it he passes to an *allegro*, in which the cheery spirit of Haydn and not a little of his beautiful simplicity are easily discerned. The principal subject is worked out in quite a joyous mood, but always in scholarly fashion. Greater grace and melodiousness mark the second subject, the contrast being admirably suitable, and accentuated in the course of the movement, while variety springs from the judicious employment of antiphonal passages for the strings and wind, as well as from the changeful blending of the two. The working out part of the *allegro* is especially interesting. The second movement is a long stream of melody not unsuggestive of Schubert, both in this respect and in the pretty conversation which the instruments sustain. Mr Prout has written this *larghetto* lovingly, and with keen sympathy for the various means employed. The character of the movement is fairly uniform, but it never becomes monotonous, owing to the amplitude of the composer's resources. For varied detail in the third movement, an *intermezzo* in the Spanish style, we find abundant fancy of the most delicate and dainty nature. No words can convey an idea of this piece, which is destined to become a favourite whenever heard. Its characteristic beauty, I should add, is attended by the highest technical finish. The composer does not forget that the *intermezzo* is part of a symphony. The *finale*, like the *allegro*, suggests Haydn, now in a rollicking mood. It is carried out with immense *verve*, and brings a capital work to a fitting end. Mr Prout, who conducted the performance, which must have greatly pleased him, received enthusiastic applause at its close, and this was deserved to the fullest possible extent.

The third novelty, Mr A. C. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto, came so late in the programme that I must reserve a notice of it for my next letter. Enough now that Senor Sarasate played the solo, the composer conducting, and that the concerto gained approval.

The day's return shows a serious falling off from that of the corresponding time in 1882, the decrease in receipts being £815 16s. 8d.—J. B.

[On Thursday morning Handel's *Messiah* was performed before a large audience, and in the evening two more novelties were given—Dvorák's cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, and Dr Bridge's hymn, "Jesus pro me Perforatus." Particulars next week.]

Mr Charles Oberthur, who left Liverpool on Saturday, August 8, by the s.s. "Aurania," arrived at New York on Monday, August 17.

Mlle Bianchi, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been asked to take part, this autumn, in the festival performances on the occasion of the Hereditary Grand-Duke's marriage in Karlsruhe, where the lady was for years the vocal star.

"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In reading Mr Thomas Reynolds's reply to a letter taking somewhat the form of a challenge (only free from any attempts at abusive argument, which your correspondent of August 15th assumes in excessive proportions) by another of your correspondents signing himself Karl von Bilgewater, I beg your kind indulgence for a short space in your paper, wherein to point out that both the gentlemen already mentioned are somewhat led from the subject on which they started, in the one case, by an overabundant amount of zealous sarcasm, and, I am sorry to say, in the other, by an almost personal amount of uncalled for abuse, totally foreign to what preceded it.

Herr von Bilgewater complains of the unsatisfactory analysis given by Mr Thomas Reynolds when the latter gentleman criticises the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, and the *finale* of Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*, and, very naturally (to use Herr Bilgewater's words), "would feel honoured by a more accurate analysis." Now, Mr Thomas Reynolds contents himself, in reply, with a repetition of his argument, in which there is not a little that closer friendship with both the subjects mentioned might prove to be false, but, at the same time, so unmercifully abuses Herr von Bilgewater with his thick staff of knowledge as to remind his readers of the scene in *Die Meistersinger*, where Beckmesser is attacked (only in a bodily sense) by Hans Sach's servant, David, for having simply serenaded his ideas out of tune. There is no denying that Herr von Bilgewater's challenge to Mr Thomas Reynolds was somewhat out of the literary diapason, but whatever terms Herr Bilgewater made use of, of which the strongest consisted in condemning Mr Thomas Reynolds' "knowledge of his subject," to which numberless amateurs, familiar with Mozart and Wagner's respective scores, could testify, no frontier of policy existed for Mr Thomas Reynolds, whose violent vocabulary of August 15th may be cited as an unexampled breach of form, and fit to shatter all serious argument upon the subject. Trusting to your kind indulgence in publishing this letter, I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,
OISSY-DUMAINE.

In Memoriam.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

A noble life, rich with the flowers of love,
And deeds whose mem'ry shall for aye endure,
Bless'd with the dew that falleth from above—
In action lofty, in intention pure!
True Christian he, for Christ-like 'tis indeed
To be by high and gen'rous impulse sway'd,
And though his tongue spake not the Christian's creed,
His heart the eternal law of love obey'd.
Where sorrow wept, he dried the mourner's tear;
Where want assail'd, he minister'd to need;
'Twas his through life, in many an added year,
For Heaven's great harvest-hour to sow the seed.
In him his Hebrew brethren, when oppress'd,
Found power to help, and will their cause to aid;
Through him how many a fainting heart was bless'd—
How many rais'd who in the dust were laid!
His hoary locks a crown of glory were,
Age was as pure as childhood unto him;
And when the solemn summons bade prepare
To cross Death's vale, no cloud his faith could dim.
As sinks the summer sun at eve serene,
So gently, peacefully, he sank to rest;
'Twas his in holy confidence to lean,
In that last hour, upon his Father's breast.
His name embalmed shall be, as it is meet,
His virtues prove a high and lasting theme,
His memory shall shed a fragrance sweet,
By Jew and Christian held in like esteem.

Copyright.

SARAH ANN STOWE.

Mme Christine Nilsson will give ten concerts in Germany, at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Cologne, and Breslau.

The Cross of the Ernestine House-Order has been conferred by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen upon Eduard Marxsen, of Hamburg, the teacher of many well-known musicians, including Johannes Brahms and Thieriot.

DEATH.

On August 12, of Peritonitis, at his residence, No. 18, East 48th Street, New York, WILLIAM A. POND, Music-Publisher, in the 61st year of his age.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

TONAL NICKNAMES.

Amidst the conquering strains of the modern orchestra an observant auditor now and again catches a certain symptom of distress; whilst yielding up his will to the force now ruling the art of music, whilst revelling in excitements wrought by raging waves of sound, at the very moment that the power of instrumentation seems at its highest, there falls on the ear a confession of failure and impotency, the mighty voice is found altogether unable to speak in an exact and a definite language. Though endowed with eloquence called divine, yet, as a messenger of truth, a bearer of facts, it is useless as the empty winds. Were it not disquieting, one would be amused to watch the labouring of the orchestral giant in its endeavours to gain distinct and reliable utterance. Every artifice that cunning can devise, every effort that strength can achieve, is brought into play to remove the bonds that keep the many-tongued creature within the province of doubtful signs and uncertain signals. All in vain however, for, Prometheus-like, it is held fast with chains forged by nature from closer contact with the world of verities and facts. Formerly men of genius, recognizing the reasonable boundaries of art, wrote works which did not press the orchestra into a service demanding speech; at the present time, however, composers seem to expend their utmost ingenuity in contriving mediums of expression that should be equivalent to spoken language. From the eagerness and persistency now shown in the use of representative themes one might be led to suppose that writers had alighted upon the philosopher's stone, and determined never for a moment to let it sink out of sight. Maybe after all the highly-prized notion is but a poor hobby-horse quickly to be laid aside.

Far from relying upon the readiness with which music supplies writers with materials for the imitation of sounds in nature, reluctant to yield to temptations that prompt the eager powers of mimicry, the master of former days, nevertheless, aimed, when exercising his art, at a lively representation of things both material and mental. Perceiving that notions communicated to the mind by any one of the senses might be conveyed, though less forcibly, by another, he exerted himself at all times to discover how sounds might inform the understanding of qualities in objects which are usually interpreted by other powers. Thus would he try to simulate the ruggedness of the rock or the smoothness of the lawn by corresponding combinations of tones; the sweetness of honey would be counterfeited by dulcet strains, the perfume of flowers by delicate vibrations, and above all, the glories presented to the eye would he reproduce or recall to the mind by the magic of his art. Happily the eye and ear are very closely allied, while the silent waves of light which flood the day find, as it were, utterance in responsive waves of sound. But in carrying out this representation the musician was not wont to resort to feeble tricks. The general nature, the texture as well as the spirit of his compositions reflected in full the character of things under treatment; the whole movement in some mysterious way bore resemblance to the subjects undergoing illustration. Such a device as that which makes a phrase, or section of a phrase, alone do the duty of interpreter never, fortunately for us, entered his mind. It was his pride to paint a picture, not to invent a label. So in works of a dramatic order, the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ* formed, so to speak, the warp and woof of the musical fabric. Throughout the opera varied melodies or passages set forth

the idiosyncrasies of the fictitious personages, while the several movements, made up of opposite qualities and unequal proportions, found unity of idea and purpose by being subsidiary to the general scheme. The musical representation, like unto the true portrayal of character in a spoken drama, did not confine itself to one theme, one speciality, one oddity, but followed the subjects through all their evolutions to their final development. To strike out a tonal phrase or section, and set it up as an embodiment of a character, would then have been thought as childish as fixing upon a wart as the all-distinguishing feature of a noble countenance. True, the representative theme has the merit of being a direct mode and easy of application; for though it tells little or nothing, it stands for a nickname that will abide long in the memory.

Writers adopting the fashion of the passing hour should feel at least respect for composers who, according to their lights, strove earnestly to express by vocal means the passions which agitate humanity. Whatever might be their failings, and however obscure their method, musicians of a previous era certainly evinced an ardour, deserving all admiration, which was exercised on efforts to give melodic utterance to feelings and emotions common to man. That success usually attended their labours is equally certain, for the world had not then turned a listless, much less a deaf ear to vocal charms. The human voice in that prosaic time was deemed the natural exponent of the human heart, and even when the exposition was long, or, what is still worse, beside the purpose, any thought of calling in other aid was not for a moment entertained. Now the singer is never invited, or, indeed, permitted, to tell aught of love, hope, hate, or despair; that forsooth is the privilege of the orchestra, who, by sounding out a few notes, proclaims the particular passion, and sets the vocalist off in quest of other joys and griefs for the favoured instruments in laconic style to express. It is said that the genius of the poet will roll up a world of meaning in a single word; maybe the composer's genius is able to depict a passion or reveal a history in a short tonal flourish, but sad experience forces one to state that some representative themes represent absolutely nothing at all, while others of a more sensible and truer kind are at their best but arbitrary signs or melodic nicknames. The more abstract the idea the more readily will this valiant representative theme undertake the task of enlightenment. Should the notion transcend man's understanding, should it be darkness itself to the keenest vision or brightest imagination, nothing daunted, it rushes this *leitmotiv* to reduce all mystery to the dimensions of a few intervals of the scale. What can be farther beyond our comprehension than Divine Justice? Yet M. Gounod in his new work, *Mors et Vita*, avowedly gives as a musical definition, a thematic representation of this subject of awful import. A passage of four consecutive notes "gives expression to the sentences of Divine Justice!" Is it not high time to set this mocking invention aside.—L. T.

According to the Japanese papers, an Italian has been appointed professor in the Academy of Music at Tokio.

THE lamented death of Mr Harry Jackson causes, we believe, some little anxiety to the management of Drury Lane regarding the finding of an efficient substitute for that popular actor in the forthcoming new romantic drama by Messrs Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Mr Jackson's long-recognized function was that of relieving, by his broad humour and amusing mannerisms, the more serious features in Drury Lane melodrama. When the hero was persecuted by fate beyond the point which an excited gallery could patiently contemplate, when the heroine was involved in the machinations of subtle enemies to a degree that put a perilous strain upon the sympathies of those enthusiastic patrons of the drama, Mr Jackson had but to appear on the stage in the guise of the leading comic personage of the play to restore the healthy balance of the feelings, and prepare the way for the resumption of the pathetic threads of the story. He was an actor who relied less upon art and study than upon a naturally droll tone and manner and a personal sense of humour; yet few of his contemporaries have contributed more to the amusement of the public. Mr Jackson was in private life hardly less amusing. He was essentially a man of kindly nature. Few living performers equally successful have been more generally popular among their professional brethren.—D. N.

SOMETHING TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF MUSIC IN
HANOVER.*

(Continued from page 529.)

Holbein was appointed for life. The shareholders were gradually paid back the amount they had invested.

The repertory for the next few years was not equally enriched. Of Meyerbeer's works, *Les Huguenots* and *I Crociati* were given. Lighter opera was more liberally represented, Adam contributing *Le Postillon* and *Le Brasseur de Preston*; Marschner himself, on the 19th February, 1839, *Bäbu*, which did not, however, achieve much success; and Auber, *L'Ambassadrice* and *Le Domino Noir*. The greatest hits were made by Kreutzer's *Nachtlager* and Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*, especially by the latter, thanks to the original comic talent of Köllner, the bass buffo. The only Italian works mentioned are *Lucia* and *Lucrezia*.

The most remarkable event of this period was a combination performance, on the 1st January, 1841, under the title of "A Review of the German Stage from the Invention of Printing down to the present Time," one, probably, of the earliest of the historical theatrical performances, as they are termed, ever given. The stage-manager, Herr Grunert, introduced the performance by a prologue from his own pen. It was he, too, who drew up the programme, which runs thus: *Türken Vassnachtspiel*, by Hans Rosenplut, the Jabberer, 1440; *Des Bayern Knecht will zuo Fraven han*, a Christmas Play, by Hans Sachs, 1550; *Absurda Comœdia oder Herr Peter Squeenz*, a Play full of Abuse, by Andrew Gryphius, 1640; *Sylvia*, a Pastoral Play, by J. F. Gellert, 1740. Then there followed, after a long wait, the Second Part, which, dedicated exclusively to the classical drama, was thus constituted: Scene from *Minna von Barnhelm*; final scene from the third act of *Wilhelm Tell*; Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture, with, afterwards, the conclusion of the second and third acts of that play. The performance took place before an overflowing house, but, in order to reserve the best talent for the classical pieces, the cast of the old ones was in some instances so unsatisfactory, that it failed to excite any interest among the audience, the result being that, on a repetition of the performance, the house was empty. Thus did an excellent idea come, in a certain sense, to naught.

A short time previously, Herren v. d. Busche and v. Malortie, Lords of the Bedchamber, were placed at the head of the Intendancy, and in March, 1841, Franz von Holbein, though appointed for life, resigned his managership to undertake a similar post at the Imperial Hofburgtheater, Vienna. There is no doubt he was a capital organizer, and knew how to inspire people with respect for the institution he represented; but it must be allowed that, with a total income of quite seventy thousand thalers, he ought, considering the then rate of salaries, to have provided a better quality of entertainment, and that, when he left, the repertory had most seriously deteriorated. Of course, we refer only to the drama, and not to opera.

Herr v. Holbein was succeeded by Herr von Perglass, or, to give him his full name, Baron August Convey von Waterford-Perglass, previously stage-manager-in-chief at the Stadttheater, Breslau.

VII.

The low state of the drama did not cease with the new management, for, it would seem, the manager was not much more than a stage-manager-in-chief, and probably not permitted to exert any influence on the repertory. Things came to such a pitch that in 1844 and 1845 even the acrobat Risley and his Sons, as well as another acrobat, Taylor, who walked on globes, appeared at the Theatre Royal. Novelties were scarcely ever produced.

In opera, the number of novelties was, also, zero, but this arose from the want of productivity then existing in that branch of art. Most of the works by tried composers had necessarily to be retained in the repertory if it was not to be reduced to nothing. In this case, therefore, there was not half so much danger of sameness as in the drama. Another fact, also, made itself felt: Perglass possessed no inconsiderable amount of talent, chiefly directed to tasty accessories for stage arrangement, and it was in opera that he found a better field for this talent than elsewhere. But, even in opera, there was not much that was new, nothing worthy of mention, in fact, except Adam's *Fidèle Berger*, Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment* and *Dom Sebastian*, Auber's *Sirène*,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

and Flotow's *Stradella*. It was only the short engagements of artists from other theatres, especially of Schröder-Devrient, and, above all, several appearances of Jenny Lind, which introduced a more or less enjoyable change.

In 1846, the novelties were Verdi's *Nabucco*, Lortzing's *Waffenschmied*, and Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, while Mozart's *Don Juan* was performed for the hundredth time, without the event being deemed worthy of especial mention. The year 1847 brought with it Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, Balfe's *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, and Herold's *Pré-aux-Clercs*. Rather more activity was exhibited in 1848, for that year brought with it Auber's *Dieu et Bayadère*, Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro*, Donizetti's *Marino Falieri* and *Belisario*, and Gustav Schmidt's *Prinz Eugen*. Especially remarkable was the 22nd of March for the hundredth performance of *Der Freischütz*, when Gey, as Cuno, spoke at the conclusion of the Huntsmen's Chorus the following lines:—

"Der Jungfernkranz, die Jägerlieder,
Sie hallen durch zwei Welten wieder,
Und haben Tausende erfreut;
Ja, hundert Male sind es heut,
Dass sie in diesem Haus erklingen;
Drum lasset uns ein Vivat bringen
Den Manen Weber's!
Der Freischütz hoch, der stets in's Herz geschossen,
Weil Polyhymnia die Kugeln ihm gegossen."

The little activity now displayed for some years, though an excellent and energetic stage-manager-in-chief had been secured in the person of Wilhelm Kaiser, arose principally from the fact that King Ernest Augustus had resolved to build a new theatre, and even begun doing so. The management was not desirous of making any very great sacrifices in getting up novelties, so that, with the exception of Verdi's *Luise Miller* and *Die beiden Königinnen*, the first work of Hellmesberger, then *Concertmeister*, there is nothing to be recorded.

But late in the autumn of 1851 the King died before the new theatre was completed, and it was fully a year before the whole of the edifice could be opened. The Concert Room, however, was solemnly and brilliantly inaugurated on the 8th of May, 1852, by a grand concert in which Henriette Sontag (Countess Rossi) took part.

The 1st of September, 1852, was the great and festive day, when Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*, preceded by a piece written for the occasion, inaugurated the new house, in which, four days later, the first opera performed was Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Thanks to the patronage of King George and his warm, pure interest in art, a really brilliant period dawned in a short time for the new Theatre, which, under the fostering protection of its royal master, took its place, with perfect justice and full acknowledgment of its right, among the leading theatres in Germany.

Marschner was now an old man, and, on account of the great increase of the orchestra, as well as of the demands on him which had grown out of the new state of things, urgently required assistance. That very same autumn, therefore, the chapel-master, Carl Ludwig Fischer, from Cologne, was appointed as his deputy, and made his *début* on the 26th of October, by conducting *La Sonnambula*. Furthermore, in place of Hellmesberger, who died young, Joseph Joachim was appointed leader, as well as conductor of the Symphony Concerts. These three names are the surest guarantee for the high artistic excellence of the various performances, which do not henceforth require special mention.

The best, too, must be said of the members of the company, for the Theatre in Hanover was the starting-point of very many highly celebrated artists both in drama and opera. We will mention only Herrn Hendrichs, Carl Devrient, Ant. Ascher, Theodor Döring, Th. Lebrun, Marie Stein, Marie Seebach, Auguste Bärdorf, Franziska Ellmenrich—Albert Niemann, Th. Wachtel, Franz Nachbaur, Max Zottmayr, Franz Betz, Max Stägemann, &c.

Then came the eventful year, 1866, with which Herr Müller terminates his book. He says frankly and honestly: "When, amid the political storms, the existence of the institution founded

† The Bridesmaids' Song and the strains of the Huntsmen resound through two worlds, and have delighted thousands; they re-echo, moreover, to-day for the hundredth time within these walls; let us, therefore, give a cheer to Weber's Manes! Hurrah for the Freeshooter, who has always hit the heart, because Polyhymnia cast the bullets for him.

by Royal sympathy for art, and so richly endowed by Royal liberality, became a matter of doubt, those to whom the care of watching over it was entrusted by their sovereign and master did less than nothing to preserve that existence. Nay, a wish was entertained, evidently against the wish of the absent King, to bring about a dissolution of the establishment. The subordinate officials and members of the chorus—most of them fathers of families—were threatened with discharge; the others were reduced to half salaries—in short, it was a state of things which must have resulted in total ruin. But, at the last hour, the Prussian authorities in possession intervened energetically for the persons belonging to the theatre, whose means of livelihood were menaced. Everything in the building was seized by the Prussian Government in the King's name; the wretched management of the Vice-Intendant was superseded, and an order issued for the payment of the amount stopped out of the salaries, as well as for the withdrawal of the notices issued by command of the Lord Marshall. On the 13th September all salaries were guaranteed to the recipients giving a pledge of obedience to the new authorities, and, when Hanover was incorporated with the Prussian Monarchy, all temporary guarantees were by a Royal decree declared permanent and binding.

MUSIC IN BELGIUM.

Antwerp, August 25.

The last concert of the series, under the organization of the International Exhibition Committee, was given last evening, the occasion being rendered more than usually interesting by the performances of the Saxe-Meiningen Orchestra, together with the appearance of Anton Rubinstein. The great Moldavian artist having scarcely shown his head of harvest locks when applause, cheers, and other tokens of approbation from a worshipping public burst forth, shaking the hall's foundation, as if the god of earthquake, instead of the deity of pianoquake, was passing through its walls. The programme, of which a considerable part was dedicated to the pianist's compositions, was headed by his symphony to the "Ocean," which, since its birth, some ten years ago, has undergone considerable changes, both under the operations of the knife, and the reason for which that allying weapon was called in, namely, further inspiration, of which the composer possesses an abundant quantity, if not in corresponding quality. For example, the opening movement, with its long sustained E flat, indicative of the "mighty waste's depth," according to a most amusing analysis of the work by a well-known director of an important school of art, has received slashes that would almost inspire amateurs familiar with the subject fresh born from its composer's plentiful "horn of inspiration," with some amount of fear lest the little real worth that it possessed should be drained away under the incisive and vigorous handling of that conqueror to overabundant scores in general. This introductory movement to Anton Rubinstein's symphony is, to say the very least, trivial, and scarcely fit to illustrate the "mighty waste's depth." To infantile tenants of the nursery it reminds hearers of the colossal prelude to Wagner's *Rheingold*, heard through the furious gallop of a nightmare, taking all the fearful folds and sarcastic duplicates on reality that the reign of terror in sleep effects. Rubinstein must have received his inspiration of the "mighty waste's depth" after one of these appalling somnolent symphonies, wherein his distorted vision of the introduction to the *Rheingold* figured in the abortive appearance of a Nibelung, as if he had fallen into the depth of sleep instead of the much desired ocean, and from the interminable duration of the movement, for a hundred years. The second part of this lengthy illustration awakens the audience in a manner resembling the fairy tale, the first violins giving the theme to the violoncelli, who, as soon as they have ground what there exists in it to pulverize, administer it somewhat sharply to the unoffending wind instruments, who, now awakened to the fact that their master ordains a tempest, forthwith commence a long series of blasts worthy of Boreas in his most inspired moments of serial disturbance, and finally, having blown the *leit-motiv* to the distant shore of the drum, that illustration of musical storms, begins thundering forth a worthy substitute for the god of that terrific element, namely, Dormer, who, in Wagner's monumental version of the *Erda*, can heap thunder upon his brethren in godly grandeur, and at any given moment. Whether Anton Rubinstein

is gifted with the same magic influence or not may create considerable argument, but the proof of his oceanic tempest is palpable of having been conceived at the feet of the "monster marine ruler" and born forth in the space of a puddle. At the conclusion of the symphony a most extraordinary and wild example of public delight broke forth; Anton Rubinstein received the retaliating storm that he consigned to the stove in tempestuous applause, and cheers from the whole audience, whose stentorian cries of delight and enchantment rivalled those of the distressed themes in the master's composition, and the excited audience would only be appeased by the composer's peremptory summons of a second storm, and, consequently, a repetition of the movement. Mariners should make ample preparation against so inveterate a brewer of storms.

The appearance of the Meiningen Orchestra was anticipated with keen interest, for since the resignation of Hans von Bülow from their midst, this remarkable band of some eighty musicians has been guided periodically by one leader and another, until, finally, Herr Anton Siedl, the once intimate friend and almost continual leader of Wagner's works, was elected as conductor in chief of this renowned orchestra, and whose remarkable experience and unflinching memory have rendered him sovereign over Germany's orchestral leaders. In policy, to the presence of Rubinstein, Herr Siedl did not lead the former musician's composition, but on the resuming of the orchestral numbers in the programme, Herr Anton Siedl commanded a performance of Brahms' Symphony in D major in so masterly and remarkable a style as to compel a repetition of the many eulogiums already passed upon the performances of the "Meiningers," and to cause feelings in the minds of the public akin to the most enchanting influence.

The chief characteristics of this orchestra, and which immediately impress themselves upon the listener, is the wonderful confidence each member of the band possesses in regard to what his neighbouring executant is about to do, thereby constituting a most extraordinary influence throughout the performance of a work, and reducing the ideas of eighty minds into the space of one, consequently producing a degree of assurance and independence seldom if ever to be met with in much larger forces. At the same time, besides possessing an astonishing volume of tone, coupled with an equal richness of quality, the Meiningen Orchestra have the rare appendage to the last-mentioned attributes, that of a remarkable sweetness, every orchestral fibre resembling in effect what pictures by Memling and Van Eyck produce in infinitesimal detail, that to eyes who have witnessed the master-paintings of those two "human epics" must perceive as claiming relationship to their *Sister of Sound*, just as the spirits of the present life and those already gone before are bound finally to become one life.

At the end of Brahms' fourth Symphony applause rained upon the Meiningers in enthusiastic showers, whilst a like success awaited their execution of Schubert's unfinished gem of the same compositional form in B flat, an admirable analysis upon the Symphony being provided from the pen of Germany's famous musical critic, Rellstab. Adding considerably to the enjoyment of this, one of a myriad of Schubert's sublime moments from an existence brimming over with inspiration, Anton Rubinstein's pianoforte Concerto in G minor was performed by its composer with all the usual power and immeasurably strong accents of colour that the great pianist never falls short of producing. The strident chords of the opening movement, *Allegro alla Marcia*, created the proverbial Rubinsteinian impressions that the *gilt and gincerack* of the stage wings present when under the government of an electric light and postures of stage puppets. Anton Rubinstein, like the huge statues that can only be lifted to a great elevation by taking them to pieces, must accordingly be heard, when a similar operation has been carried out, on the *statue of his style*, and when his many *mental* members forming a whole, are heard and judged accordingly, the mixture of faults and innumerable attributes that battle for the genius of this musical monarch, like the Lion and the Unicorn over the Royal *tarn-cap*, obliging his non-admirers in company with his enthusiastic disciples to bury their censure upon his failings in the fertile ground that his masterly *ploughing* has wrought. Anton Rubinstein appeared once more as orchestral leader, and directed the performance of extractions from his last but one of operatic compositions, *Nero*, after which he bade farewell to the programme by

playing a group of four pianoforte solos, beginning with Chopin's Fantasia in F minor, played in perfection, and exhibiting the pianist's exquisite colouring of expression, the Intermezzo, Lento Sostenuto, being interpreted in a manner worthy in every way the Polish master's delicious inspiration, and calling forth delighted exclamations and applause at its conclusion, and again setting forward an example of two spirits forming one. The three remaining numbers were the same composer's Study in A flat major, Stephen Heller's charming sketch, "La Truite," and the pianist's comical and carnival study on false notes, which elicited humorous applause and an encore, when Anton Rubinstein played, Thalberg's effervescing study in E flat, a piece, be it said, that sparkled in its day, but which has become, through time and frequent use, of an equally flat and flabby a nature; nevertheless, when the magic fingers of the Moldavian touched it, a relapse set in, and, by the distinguished artist's influence, an animation, which stirred its stagnant nature.

The remaining numbers of this farewell programme were a splendid performance of the prelude to Wagner's *Meistersinger*, wherein every note was revealed in all its divine splendour, and with a fiery frenzied enthusiasm that held one and all of its discipling admirers by a single thread of thrilling thought, and which only snapped when the last bar closed the sublime illusion.

After this followed Liszt's third Hungarian Rhapsody, and the concert was brought to an end by a masterly interpretation of the "Walkyrie's Ride," from Wagner's *Die Walküre*, which was so enthusiastically applauded that a repetition was commanded by the audience, a rare occurrence at the end of a programme, and an example of no small magnitude to those audiences, especially to be met with in English concert halls, whose approbation at the close of a concert is vouchsafed by an eager search after wrappers and a furious stampede to gain an outlet before their neighbours.

DODINAS.

CONCERT.

KILBURN is still resonant with the charming concerts of the Grenadier Guards at Mrs Peters' garden party at The Grange, one of the last, not least, of this season's sumptuous "afternoons." The gardens were thronged with an elegant assembly, though the merry season had hardly a footprint left in London. Amongst those invited, most of whom were present, were Sir John Whitaker Ellis and Lady Ellis, Marquis de Leuville, Sir George and Lady Leith Buchanan, the Rev. Canon Harford, Sir George Hodgkinson, Mr and Mrs Joseph, Captain and Mrs Cecil Peters, Mr and Mrs Kendal, Mrs Charles Fish, Chevaliers Bach, Remo, and others. After the band came the concert, and the programme notified that the Marquis de Leuville had kindly consented to give a recitation in the midst of it. After the quartet (*Rigoletto*), admirably executed, came a duet for harp by Mrs Peters, the graceful and accomplished hostess, and piano by Mr Sidney Smith, and the honours were divided. The witty pianist and composer scored for himself in the next piece, and right well. Mr Copland as a baritone was both powerful and pathetic. Then came the Marquis de Leuville. There was the usual crowding round to hear him, which is really unnecessary, for his voice, although it is peculiarly soft when it should be, always fills both *salon* and hall to the utmost. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop during his recitation. Both hemispheres are agreed that this aristocratic *virtuoso* is not only a refined and powerful elocutionist, but a true poet and painter, and equally at home in the saddle as at all manly sports. No fashionable afternoon is fashionable now without this veritable Crichton, who has the real *grande manière*, and gives a high tone to all he does, while his manly bearing and perfect ease show us that all he does so well is entirely without effort.—*St Stephen's Review*, Aug. 15.

PROVINCIAL.

CARMARTHEN.—The second festival of the year in connection with the Choral Association of the Archdeaconry of St David's took place on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 18, in the ancient parish church of St Mary, Pembroke, and consisted of evensong, with special psalms, hymns, and anthem. Altogether twelve choirs, numbering nearly 300 voices, took part, viz.:—St Mary's, Tenby; St Mary's, Pembroke; St John's, Pembroke Dock; Castlemartin, Warren, Stackpole Eldor, Carew, Rhydborth, St Florence, Penally, Robertson Wathen, and Llawhaden. Of these 90 were in surplices, which, together, with the clergy present, made a total of 100 in surplices. The services commenced at four o'clock, and, in addition

to the various choirs, a large congregation assembled in the sacred edifice. The choirs robed in the Market-house, and marched from thence in procession to the church, singing "Glad their call we welcome" (by Redhead). Evensong was sung by the Rev. Mr Ball, rector of Begelly; the first lesson read by the rural dean, the Rev. Clennel Wilkinson; the second lesson by the Ven. Archdeacon of St David's; and the concluding portion of the service by the Rev. Mr Lloyd, of Wiston. The sermon was preached by the Vicar of Camrose, who chose for his text the words, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's." The anthem, which was well rendered (as well as the whole service), was from Mozart's Seventeenth Mass, "Glory to God in the highest." The service concluded with the processional hymn, "When day's shadows lengthen," from the "London Tune Book," the choirs returning to the Market-house. In addition to the clergy already named there were also present the Rev. George Huntingdon, rector, and the Revs. C. M. Phelps, J. H. A. Griffiths, and Sir George Ralph Fetherston, curates of St Mary's, Tenby; the Rev. Parry Jones, Rev. Popkin Morgan, Rev. D. M. Morris, Penally; Rev. F. O. Thomas, St Issell's, &c. Mr C. A. Cooke, organist of Christ Church, Carmarthen, presided at the harmonium. The festival was a great success, and it speaks well for the advancement of the Church in South Pembrokeshire that the association can point to the success of such services as that of Tuesday. Certainly the Church of England is not the effete body her enemies in this district are so fond of calling her.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

MUSIC AT BUXTON.

The visitors to this exceptionally healthy place and the natives, too, have a rich entertainment in the nightly concerts under the conduct of Mr Karl Meyder, formerly of Drury Lane Theatre. They are given in the Pavilion of the Public Gardens, a spacious, well-decorated room, admirably adapted for sound, wherein the compact little band is heard to perfection. They play always several Overtures, and not rarely a Symphony, as a tower of strength to support the frothy trifles of the ball-room, and an operatic selection, which may be styled the standing dish. Such orchestral varieties are further diversified by an occasional instrumental solo and the more rare warbling of a star vocalist; Mme Trebelli, Miss Elly Warnots, and Mr Edward Lloyd having been some of the songsters. On Thursday, the 20th, the performance was styled an "English Night," and Miss Dora Bright, the "Potter Exhibitioner" of the Royal Academy, did honour to herself, her schooling, and her nationality, by her admirable pianoforte playing. A selection from Sullivan's *Princess Ida* was a conspicuous feature in the first part. The second part was devoted to compositions by Walter Macfarren, who was especially requested to direct the performance. His appearance was greeted with loud and long applause; so was his melodious and sparkling Pastoral Overture. Then followed his Concertstück for pianoforte and band, the many singing phrases and brilliant passages in which received ample justice from the pianist, who was recalled with acclamations at its close. After this, we had the Andante and Scherzo from the same author's Symphony in B flat, which was written for the Brighton Festival of 1880, and has been heard in the *interim* at several of the chief London concerts; in these extracts the band, and every player in it, appeared to excellent advantage. Miss Bright also treated us, without accompaniment, to a Rondino Grazioso, which is full of charm, and a Toccata which abounds with difficulty, and is replete with interest and good effect; and after the performance of these she was twice recalled by an audience exceeding 2,000 in number. Great praise is due to the authorities that purvey this constant source of instructive amusement, and some credit is due to those on pleasure bent, who, by their multitudinous attendance and their hearty applause, testify their appreciation.

REVIEW.

Love's Wings—song—words by Edith G. Bennett; music by Charles Marshall (Cocks & Co.) Mrs Graham Bennett's very charming words have inspired Mr C. Marshall with a genuine melody, which, sung, as it is about to be, by Miss Amy Sherwin, at the Promenade Concerts, is sure to prove effective. Mrs Bennett's graceful poem tells of a maiden, who, captivated by Love, thought to make him captive. How she failed to do so is prettily set forth, with point, with humour, and not without a touch of sadness.

The fund for erecting a statue of Franz Abt in Brunswick has already reached the sum of 10,000 marks, a third of the money required. The Stuttgart Liederkranz contributed 430 marks, and the Brömerhaven Vocal Association of North Germany, 1,000.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

In accordance with the practice observed for some years past, the director of the above entertainments devotes the first part of the programme for each Wednesday evening during the season to classical music. That this arrangement meets the approval of visitors to Covent Garden Theatre is evident by the deep interest taken in the performance last Wednesday night, and the thorough enjoyment it undoubtedly afforded. A further increase in the measure of classical music would not be unacceptable to many constant patrons; a symphony or some work of like importance on every day of the week might prove anything but wearisome to true lovers of music. The chief works selected for performance last Wednesday evening were Beethoven's overture, *Leonora* (No. 3), Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for pianoforte and orchestra. It is well to have compositions of so high a standard ever at hand, that the public might thereby learn to take the measure of things that seek to magnify themselves chiefly by clamour and pretence. The faithful rendering accorded the *Leonora* overture brought clearly into view the wondrous character of the work. Not only did the salient phrases, such as the notable scale passages for the violins and the startling trumpet call, meet with skilful interpretation, but other effects, less obvious though they appear, did not escape the attention of the executants. Nor was the performance of the *Jupiter* symphony less satisfactory. At those points where Mozart for the moment quits the pompous strains, where fancy steps in to relieve stateliness, the orchestra, changing in spirit as in manner, played with all the lightness and grace the themes demand. Perhaps still more praiseworthy was the precise and energetic attack of the band when engaged on the fugal passages of the elaborate and effective *finale*. Much of the credit is unquestionably due to the conductor. Mr A. Gwyllym Crowe, who, entering with heart and soul upon the pleasing task, imparted a like spirit to the artists under his command. Miss Josephine Lawrence, the pianist of the evening, is worthy of special commendation for the true feeling she displayed in the solo part of the *andante*, the second movement in Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor. At the same time it should be stated that generally the orchestral rendering of the work was very unequal, its delicate lines being often blurred, and its exquisite colouring obscured. How the ballet music from Rubinstein's *Feramosz* crept into the classical part of the programme is a mystery. Its commonplace themes, remarkable only for their loud monotony, are assuredly undeserving the honour. Neither did the minutest by Bolzoni, graceful though it be, hold its own when in close company with works by Beethoven and Mozart. Should not the great and mighty ones of classic harmony be allowed to keep, for the brief space of time allotted, undisputed possession of the platform? The vocalists must be congratulated upon their choice of songs—Miss Helen D'Alton selecting Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn;" Mr Redfern Hollins, "Adelaide," by the same master; and Mr Barrington Foote, "Sorgete," by Rossini; and it should be recorded that in each instance the artist secured the approval of an enthusiastic audience. In attaining this desirable result they were indebted to Mr Frederick Cliffe for his able accompaniments on the pianoforte.—L. T.

GOOD NEWS FOR COMPOSERS.

The following "special notice" is printed on the programme of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts:—"Mr W. Freeman Thomas, desiring to encourage native music talent, has much pleasure in offering a prize of twenty-five guineas for an 'Original Manuscript Overture,' to be the composition of a native of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, and which will be performed at a special grand concert (when Mr Sims Reeves and other distinguished artists will appear) in Covent Garden Theatre, early in October next. Particulars to be had on application (accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope) to Mr A. Gwyllym Crowe, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden."

THE LATE MR HORACE WIGAN.

Mr Moy Thomas, in his interesting column on "Theatres" in *The Daily News*, writes that: "The late Mr Horace Wigan was one of the principal witnesses examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Theatres in 1866, and the evidence given by him on that occasion is of some interest as indicating the views of a man of strong common sense and much experience on the subject of the stage in what may be considered the dawn of the present dramatic revival. Mr Wigan, it is true, had some prejudices. Being at that time lessee and manager of the Olympic, it was to be expected that he would not desire any more competition than was just then dividing with him the patronage of the public. His opinion, therefore, that

the London theatres then existing were 'amply sufficient for the employment of actors and for the requirements of the public' was doubtless natural enough. Yet since then at least fifteen theatres, including such houses as the Gaiety, the Savoy, the Royalty, the Avenue, the Court, the Criterion, the Empire, the Globe, the Opera Comique, the Prince's the Comedy, Toole's, and the Vaudeville, have sprung into existence, and when we take into account the reconstruction and increased importance of such theatres as the St James's and the Haymarket, it is no exaggeration to say that the number of London houses of the higher class has during the intervening period of less than twenty years more than trebled. Theatrical enterprise has indeed suffered of late in common with most other pursuits; but that the depression is regarded as merely temporary may be fairly inferred from the facts that new houses are on the point of being built and that there is no appreciable fall in theatrical rents. On the other hand Mr Wigan was of opinion that in 1866 most of the metropolitan theatres had 'been profitably carried on for periods varying from twelve to fifteen years past,' and that the profits of theatrical managers were larger than they had been wont to be. Mr Wigan considered that there was then no dearth of actors, though their salaries, he said, had increased from 30 to 50 per cent. within a few years. 'I remember,' he added, 'the time when a guinea a week was considered a good salary in the country.' He complained of the new fangled fastidiousness of actors and actresses and of their propensity to throw up their positions in theatres because cast for parts which they considered beneath their dignity. The practical impossibility of getting plays other than poor adaptations from the French and the consequent burdensome rise in the terms of successful authors were much insisted on. Mr Boucicault had, it appeared, declined a recent offer from Mr Wigan which would have yielded to the author upon a moderate success a sum of £100 a week during the run of the piece, and had cited the facts that theatres in Manchester and Glasgow had been handing over to him £200 a week as his share; while Mr Vining had paid £240 to £400 a week for the privilege of playing the *Streets of London* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*. Certainly the profits of successful dramatic authorship have not fallen off since that time, nor have authors' fees had that injurious influence upon the progress of the stage which Mr Wigan appears to have anticipated."

Mdme Minnie Hauk will sing at the end of September in Massenet's *Manon* at the Czech National Theatre, Prague, and in the winter she will appear at Venice and Florence.

The Teatro Carcano, Milan, will probably be opened for grand opera from the 15th October to the 10th December, and a new opera, *Adelia*, by Sig. Sangiorgi, produced during the season.

A MARVELLOUS PUBLICATION.—An English edition of the German work, *Das Reich der Töne*, a collection of above 300 phototypic portraits of the most famous musicians of the world, past and present, accompanied by short biographical notices, has been issued through the celebrated publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 188, Fleet Street. This work was honourably mentioned at the International Exhibition of Music at Milan in 1881; it has gone through three large German editions and a special Anglo-American one; and has been translated into French and Hungarian. The English edition, entitled *Celebrated Musicians*, is enlarged by an important supplement of 100 of the most celebrated musicians of England from the 16th century to the present day, drawn up by M. F. S. Hervey; and is dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The portraits for the English edition have been collected, we are informed, at great trouble and expense, and the larger part of them have never been published before; they were photographed from ancient pictures in the British Museum and in private hands. The portraits of modern artists were taken from nature with the legal authorization of the photographers and the persons themselves. Thus, this work gives, at the very reasonable price of ten shillings, a splendid Album with 400 photographic portraits of artists of each nationality and epoch. It also serves as a short illustrated compendium of the history of music, as well as a convenient book of reference. The following portraits are among those given:—Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Laves, Dr Blow, Purcell, Dr Croft, Dr Boyce, Dr Arne, Sir J. Hawkins, Dr Burney, Dibdin, Dr Callcott, Attwood, Dr Crotch, Field, Onslow, Sir H. Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, Barnett, Sir S. Bennett, Horsley, Pierson, Hattson, Sir J. Goss, Dr Wesley, Sir George Macfarren, Sir F. Ouseley, Sir R. Stewart, Sir H. Oakeley, Dr Rimbault, Chappell, Dr Hullah, Hueffer, Lindley, Lucas, Howell, Potter, Hallé, Pauer, Zimmermann, Taylor, Beringer, Dannreuther, Bache, d'Albert, the Mrs Robinson, Billington, Paton, Stephens, Hayea, Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Patey, Albani-Gye, Williams, James, Bartleman, Braham, Incedon, Reeves, Santley, Lloyd, Cummings, King, &c.

WIESBADEN.*

Wiesbaden, that mountain, wood, and grape be-crowned town and spa, swept by the fresh breath of the time-honoured Rhine, which flows close by—who, among our innumerable Rhine tourists, has not either brushed past it in his rapid course, or dreamed away long days in its paradisiacal gardens or delicious woods? As long as England sends her summer swarm of tourists up the Rhine, Wiesbaden will be a favourite place of sojourn for such "Continental travellers."—Even in the time when not the steam-steam, with wheels for legs, but stage-coaches drawn by high-bred horses, conveyed travellers through the flowery country of the Rhine, the Sons and Daughters of Albion lent animation to the Wiesbaden season. The mild winter, too, attached them to the hill-surrounded town—nay, many of our countrymen chose it as a second home, erected splendid villas on the slopes of the Taunus, green with gardens and woods, and, besides the gifts and beauties which Nature extended to them with such liberality, enjoyed all possible hospitable attention from a well-mannered population, never tired of studying the mode of living to which their visitors had been accustomed, and the home peculiarities of foreigners, speaking all languages, so that the strangers might forget they were in a land not their own. Thus from olden times has Wiesbaden maintained its character of an international spa. The English are the especial object of the laudable system of attention to which reference has been made. There are hotels and boarding-houses fitted up altogether in the English style; English people find excellent schools for the young folk they bring with them; they find, also, their own churches, their own clergymen, their usual home amusements and games, and their own—countrymen, so that they can, in all essential particulars, feel quite at home. It is well known how much, since the abolition of the gaming-tables (in 1872), those charged with managing the affairs of the "Cur" have exerted themselves in devising entertainments to fill the place of the old seductive and exciting amusement of play. Thanks to their active inventive faculty, they have succeeded so well that Wiesbaden, which was at first believed to be ruined, has, on the contrary, found her prosperity increased; for instance, the income from different sources, of the Managing Board, for the first year of their administration, was 98,000 marks; in the year 1884 it had risen to 240,000 marks, as, in answer to our enquiries, the proper officials most readily informed us. This is the only correct barometer of the growth of a spa; for figures—as people know in England, the land of figures—are the best proof of a thing. In all the different measures of every possible kind adopted, especially account was always made of the very considerable contingent residing in Wiesbaden of persons connected with English official life. But the event calculated to impress most deeply us Continental English, and the annual return of which we greet with a certain feeling of patriotic reverence, is the "English National Festival."—If it cannot be so arranged that a historical fact, such, for instance, as the accession to the throne of Her Majesty, her coronation, or something similar, shall render the day especially worthy of observance by us, the Managing Board select some day or other in summer and, for our delectation, strive to heighten its charm by entertainments delighting both eye and ear in the idyllic Cur-Gardens. Then the English, living scattered about at other places in the Middle Rhine country, whether in larger cities, such as Frankfort, Mayence, Darmstadt, or Heidelberg; at the spas of Schlangenbad and Shwalbach; or in the pretty Rhenish townlets of Rudersheim, Eltville, &c., do not fail to seek the Cur-Gardens, that they may spend the day among friends and fellow-countrymen. Most captivating then are our beautiful, slim, Englishwomen, who have caused to beat more strongly many a German heart, and made it inspire the tongue with courage to pronounce the sweet words: "I love you," even though it be in the most atrocious English; for what cares Love for fluency of speech?—Love, who speaks in glances, and with whom the principal thing is that hearts and sentiments shall exactly coincide! At such a garden-festival many a young girl's heart explodes like fireworks. Though the explosion may take place without noise, and very, very gently, it is more lasting in its results than that which comes and dies away in the compass of a moment. Once more was it a charming festival, rich and varied, which was offered us on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at the Cur-

Establishment. The magnificent hall of the building, over which the flag of Great Britain proudly waved outside, had donned its festive attire. Celebrated far and wide for its pure Grecian architecture, and its rows of Corinthian columns, it was decked out with the coats of arms of every conceivable country—symbolizing, so to say, the internationality of the town—grouped round the armorial bearings of England, which on that day were destined to outshine all the rest. Herr Carl Securius, the daring aeronaut, so well known upon the Continent, had been secured expressly for the occasion, with his giant balloon, "Æolus," a monster containing about 700 cubic feet of gas. The ascent, amid the strains of several bands and the cheers of the multitude, was carried out with the utmost precision and success. In the car, with the aeronaut, sat a passenger, but whether, in honour of the day, he was an Englishman, we cannot with certainty say. On the approach of darkness the Cur-Gardens appeared transformed into a fairy-world. As though by the touch of an enchanter's wand, whole swarms of glow-worms poured down on the flower-beds, out of which shot bright and fiery flowers of every hue; over the grottoes and promenades around the swan-pond, stretched sparkling and glittering arches of brilliancy, while the electric light shed its magic rays on the seething mass in the Concertplatz. Meanwhile the park resounded with the strains of the English National Concert, admirably executed by the Cur-Band of the town, the intervals in the programme being filled up by the Band of the 80th Infantry Regiment. The pieces played by the Cur-Band were: "Jubel-Overture," Weber; "Burns," Second Scotch Rhapsody, Mackenzie; "Fantasia on English, Scotch, and Irish National Airs," Fessy; Overture to *The Lily of Killarney*, Sir Julius Benedict; "Long ago," paraphrase, Voigt; "Potpourri on English National Airs," Basquit; "Festival Quadrille," Johann Strauss. The festivities, which had attracted thousands to the Cur-Gardens, were brought to a termination by brilliant fireworks, including no less than twenty large set-pieces. Wiesbaden, indeed, cannot be sufficiently thanked for the splendid marks of attention which it pays its visitors, and which, on the 4th August, were especially intended for us English. May these lines be accepted as a modest tribute of our gratitude to so amiable a town, and may they have given our countrymen at home a slight idea, interesting for us English, of Cur life in Wiesbaden. OLD FELLOW.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—There was a grand religious *fête* at Boulogne on Sunday, Aug. 23rd. The occasion was the crowning of the statue of the Virgin, Our Lady of Boulogne, which adorns the interior of the Cathedral. The ceremony took place on a raised platform of mediæval design, built on the Place Godefroi de Bouillon. At the "coronation" there were the Nuncio, six ecclesiastics of the Papal household, three Archbishops (those of Chambéry, Rheims, and Cambrai), and ten Bishops, including Bishop Clifford of Clifton. The "crowning" of the Virgin and Child was performed by the Nuncio. Enthusiastic cheers followed for Notre Dame, the Pope, and the Bishops, after which the newly-crowned statue was drawn on a car by six richly caparisoned horses through the town. The rear of the procession was brought up by the great dignitaries of the Church and their attendant priests. The demonstration was watched by about 40,000 persons, including a large contingent brought over by the London, Folkestone, Hastings, and Ramsgate steamers. In the evening the town was illuminated.

BERLIN.—The large hall of the Philharmonie was crowded to overflowing at the first concert of the Vienna Men's Choral Association on the 15th inst., when the programme included compositions by Schubert, Schumann, Kremer, Silcher, Engelsberg, Esser, Mendelssohn, and Herbeck. The applause was very great.—At the close of the summer season of German Opera, and after the Taa Concerts, there will be an Italian operatic season this year at Kroll's Theater.—Herr Firmans intends giving operatic performances in the winter at the Luisenstädtisches Theater, and has already made most of his engagements with that view. He will produce two novelties, *Das Testament des Herzogs*, music by Gustav Seydel, conductor at the Deutsches Theater, and an opera by Emil Kaiser, composer of *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, successfully brought out at Kroll's Theater.

BREMEN.—The Stadttheater is shortly to be lighted by electricity. The season will begin under the new manager, Alex. Senger, on the

* Translated from an article contributed to the *Wiesbadener Bade-Blatt* by an Englishman long resident in Wiesbaden.

1st September, with a performance of *Lohengrin*. The novelties promised are C. M. v. Weber's *Silvana* (in the Pasqué-Langer version), Alb. Dietrich's *Sonntagskind*, and Gluck's *Alceste*. Among the revivals will be Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail* and *Don Juan*; Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*, Henschel's *Schöne Melusine*, and Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Herren Theodor Henschel, Anton Seidl, and Julius Ruthardt will officiate as conductors.

BRUSSELS.—A list of the new operatic company, now completed, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been published by the new manager, M. Verdhurt, and is to the following effect:—Tenors: MM. Dubulle, Herman Devriès, Séguier, Chappuis, Francin; dramatic sopranos: Mmes Cécile Mézery, Thüringer, Gauthier, Wolf, Barria; Contraltos: Mmes Jane Huré, Caroline Barbot.

PALERMO.—The Municipality have resolved that the grand operatic season shall no longer take place in the old Teatro Bellini, which is dilapidated and falling into ruin, but at the Politeama, a more elegant, more spacious, and more convenient edifice. Hitherto the performances were given alternately in each Theatre, but at present, until the new Theatre is ready, they will come off only in the Politeama.

TROUVILLE.—The merit of stopping runaway horses, observes *Le Ménestrel*, is decidedly a tradition at the Paris Grand Opera, and M. Sellier by no means enjoys a monopoly of it there. M. Pichery, a highly respected gentleman, well known to the frequenters of the institution in question, of which he is the chief controller, saved the life of the celebrated Dr Ricord, the other day, at this fashionable watering-place. The famous disciple of *Æsculapius* was driving in his brougham along the Rue de Paris when the horses suddenly became alarmed and rushed off at a furious rate. The coachman lost all presence of mind, and the carriage would indubitably have been dashed to pieces had not M. Pichery made a spring at the horses' heads and succeeded, though not without much difficulty, in stopping the affrighted animals in their mad career.

PESTH.—MM. Léo Delibes and Massenet, who were members of the French Delegation, invited by the Hungarian Literary Society to visit the National Exhibition, have been made much of here. Each of these gentlemen has conducted at the Operahouse something of his own. M. Delibes chose his ballet of *Coppélia*; M. Massenet his "Scènes pittoresques," and the last tableau from his *Hérodiade*. The conductor's chair was gaily decorated for the occasion with flowers and tricoloured wreaths, French and Hungarian. Each composer was, also, presented officially with a crown of the Hungarian colours, red, white, and green. There is some probability that *Lakmé* and *Manon*, which, for want of an artist able to impersonate the two heroines, have hitherto been performed neither here nor in Vienna, may be produced with Mlle Bianchi in the principal parts.

—o— WAIFS.

It is proposed to erect a new theatre at Cannes.

The baritone, Pandolfini, has been stopping lately in Milan.

Engenio Musich, a once celebrated tenor, has died in Mantua.

The tenor, Gayarre, was expected a short time since at Leghorn.

Mme Durand will sing in the winter at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, will open on the 8th October with *Aida*.

The tenor, Parodi, has been singing with much success at Buenos Ayres.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been well received at the Teatro Grande, Brescia.

Mr and Mrs O'Leary Vinning have gone to Malvern for a few weeks' holiday.

Paul Orthos, light tenor, is engaged at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Alfred Piatti has been thrown from his carriage and seriously hurt at Bergamo.

A new Politeama, the Politeama Garibaldi, has been opened in Civitavecchia.

Mme Carlotta Patti has had the misfortune to injure her foot very seriously.

Franz Pokorny has become manager of the Czech Theatre in Brünn for three years.

Léo Parsy, conductor at the Théâtre du Gymnase, Marseilles, has died rather suddenly.

The first opera this season at the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden, was Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.

There will be a French buffo opera company this autumn at the Teatro Nuovo, Florence.

Ponchielli's *Marion Delorme* is to be performed in the carnival at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Tosti, the composer, has left London for Montecatini, where he intends making a short stay.

A new buffo opera, *La Duchessa Matilde*, has been produced at the Politeama Alfieri, Genoa.

Herr Gritzinger, tenor, has been engaged for five years at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Herr Sigmund Lautenburg has been appointed artistic director of the Residenz-Theater, Hanover.

Adolf Neuendorf will open the Bijou Theatre, Boston, U.S., with *Stradella*, on the 12th of October.

There is some talk of a series of Italian operatic performances at the Teatro dell' Alhambra, Madrid.

Richard Kleinmichel is composing a new romantic opera, to be entitled *Der Pfeifer von Dusenbach*.

The tenor, Gayarre, will sing at the Teatro Real, Madrid, from January next to the end of the season.

It is said that, on account of the state of his health, Cotogni will not return to the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

Miss Madelina Cronin, the well-known and highly-esteemed pianist, has gone for a holiday to Saltburn-on-sea.

J. Goula has been appointed conductor for the approaching season of Italian opera at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

Mme Marthe Duvier, who was a short time at the Paris Grand Opera, is engaged at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona.

The Choral Society of Auckland, New Zealand, gave, on the 16th June, a successful performance of Mendelssohn's *St Paul*.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* is in rehearsal at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, where it will shortly be revived after a long lapse of time.

Dr W. Kienzl's opera, *Uriasi*, is in active rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, and will be the first novelty of the season.

The performances of Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* will be resumed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, on the return of Herr Winkelmann.

After a successful concert tour at the Bohemian Spas and in Silesia, Arma Senkrah, the violinist, is stopping for a time in Weimar.

A short comic opera, *La Perle de Naples*, music by Ch. Mauris, a barrister of Marseilles, has been produced for the first time at Caunterets.

Signor Ferrari's Italian operatic company left Buenos Ayres some time since for Rio Janeiro, where they were to open with *Il Guarany*, by Carlo Gomez.

Mlle Marie Wieck has been presented, by Queen Margherita of Italy, with a valuable medallion bearing the royal initial "M," set in precious stones.

Theodor Thomas will commence a six weeks' orchestral concert tour in the Eastern and Western States of America on the 28th of September.

Maria, Signora Irene Morpurgo's opera, favourably received on its first production in Florence, will be shortly performed at the Politeama, Leghorn.

Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, as yet played in Germany only at Hanover, is to be performed this winter, under the direction of Felix Mottl, at Carlsruhe.

The Cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred on M. Morin, professor of the violin at the Paris Conservatory of Music, and on M. Imbert, composer.

It is proposed to erect in the gardens of the Grand Ducal Palace, Mannheim—his birthplace—a monument to Jean Becker, chief of the once celebrated Florentine Quartet.

Despite the cholera, the performances given in the Buen-Retiro Gardens, Madrid, by the Italian operatic company from the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, are well attended.

Mlle Luise Horini, who retired at the end of last season from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, after belonging to the company many years, will shortly leave the Prussian capital and settle permanently in Dresden.

On the 23rd instant, Alexandre Guilman conducted in the Cathedral of Boulogne-sur-Mer, a Cantata for Organ, Chorus, and Orchestra, composed by him for the ceremony of crowning the statue of the Virgin there.

At the installation of the Augustin Philippin Monks in the Escorial, on the 10th inst., a new Mass, with chorus and orchestra, by Father Manuel Arostegui, chaplainmaster in the Monastery of Valladolid, made a deep impression on those who heard it.

Friedrich Wieck, father and teacher of Clara Schumann and Marie Wieck, was born on the 18th August, 1785, at Pretzsch, near Torgau, and the centenary of that date was duly celebrated in Loschwitz, near Dresden, where the Deceased died in 1873.

DEATH OF MR CHARLES ROWLAND.—A gentleman of retiring disposition, but well known as a clever exponent of classical music, has just passed away in the person of Mr Charles Rowland. For some time past he has suffered from a lingering illness, and death only relieved him of his sufferings on Thursday. He pursued his studies under Mr Gutteridge, a former organist of St Peter's Church,

Brighton, and carried out the duties as his successor in 1872. In 1875 he visited the Leipsic Conservatoire, where he remained about two years and a half. On returning to his native country, he obtained the degree of a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music. The late Mr Rowland gave a pianoforte recital at the Royal Pavilion and also a recital at the Aquarium; while he devoted himself to the profession of a tutor. Illness, however, set in and checked what promised to be a useful artistic life. He was not only an admirer of music, but was an intelligent student of intellectual pursuits generally. He was only in his thirtieth year. The funeral of the deceased took place in the Extra-mural Cemetery on Monday.—*Brighton Guardian*, Aug. 26th.

A CONCERT AT SEA.—A concert took place in the large Dining Saloon of the Cunard Royal Mail Steamer, "Aurania," on Friday evening, August 14th, and was attended by upwards of 300 passengers. Mr G. B. Browne sang very effectively Signor Ardit's spirited song, "The Stirrup Cup." Miss Kate Forster met with great success in a charming song by Mr F. Federici, "Dearest than all to me," in which she was accompanied by the composer; after which Mr Courtice Pounds sang Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Mr Courtice has a most pleasing tenor voice, and sang with taste and feeling, obtaining a loud encore, in response to which he sang De Faye's "Tell her I love her so." Miss Elsie Cameron was loudly applauded in Barnby's "When the tide comes in;" Mr Fred Billington sang "Time was when love and I" from Sullivan's *The Sorcerer*, which he was obliged to repeat; the same distinction being accorded to Braham's duet, "All's well," capably sung by Messrs Courtice Pounds and Federici; likewise, Miss Elsie Cameron and Mr G. Thorne had to repeat Sullivan's duet from *Patience*, "Sing hey to you." Piusini's part-song, "In this hour of softened splendour," was sung excellently, as also a quintet from Sullivan's *Sorcerer*, and a sestet from the same composer's *Patience*, the latter being with chorus *obbligato*. The whole of Mr D'Oyley Carte's company, now en route for America, took part.

THE VOICE AND SINGING.

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction."—*Daily News*.

VOCAL EXERCISES COMPOSED BY FRANK MORI.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—These Vocal Exercises, as taught by the late FRANK MORI, are invaluable both to Students and Professors.

New Edition of "LE PETIT SOLFÈGE."

LE PETIT SOLFÈGE. Vingt Solfèges pour Voix de Meszo-Soprano. Par Jos. CURCI. Price 6s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"This work for educational purposes will be found of inestimable value, since it is one of the very few which confines itself to the cultivation of the middle of the voice; and whilst the phrases are admirably adapted to develop the breathing powers and volume of the voice, the melodies are so exquisitely harmonized that they must prove of great benefit in the improvement of the taste and ear of a student in singing."—*Pictorial World*.

THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR THE VOICE.

By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Madame Alwina Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklein, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND & Co. (late JULLIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his Residence, 86, Wimpole Street.

THE STOLBERG LOZENGE.

FOR INVIGORATING AND ENRICHING THE VOICE, AND REMOVING AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.

"Of famed Stolberg's lozenge we've all of us heard."—*Punch*, October 21st, 1865.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

Actors, Singers, Clergymen, and all who are desirous of Improving and Invigorating their Voice for Singing or Public Speaking, should use this Lozenge. One trial will be sufficient to account for the great reputation it has sustained for so many years. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

CHAPPELL'S VOCAL LIBRARY

PART-SONGS, &c.

		Composed or Arranged by	Price		
1.	Dulce domum. S.A.T.B. ...	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.		
2.	Down among the dead men. S.A.T.B. ...	"	1d.		
3.	The girl I've left behind me. S.A.T.B. ...	"	1d.		
4.	British Grenadiers. S.A.T.B. ...	"	2d.		
5.	Long live England's future Queen. S.A.T.B. ...	Dr. Rimbault	2d.		
6.	My task is ended (Song and Chorus). A.T.B.B. ...	"	Balfe	4d.	
7.	Thus spake one summer's day. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Abt	2d.	
8.	Soldiers' Chorus. T.T.B.B. ...	"	Gounod	4d.	
9.	The Kermesse (Scene from <i>Faust</i>) ...	"	"	6d.	
10.	Up, quit thy bower. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Brinley Richards	4d.	
11.	Maidens, never go a-wooing. S.S.T.T.B. ...	Sir G. A. Macfarren	2d.		
12.	Faggot-binders' Chorus ...	"	Gounod	4d.	
13.	Sylvan Hours (for six female voices) ...	Joseph Robinson	6d.		
14.	The Gipsy Chorus ...	"	Balfe	4d.	
15.	Ave Maria ...	"	Arcalet	1d.	
16.	Hark! the herald angels sing. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Mendelssohn	1d.	
17.	England yet (Solo and Chorus). S.A.T.B. ...	Sir J. Benedict	2d.		
18.	The Shepherd's Sabbath Day. S.A.T.B. ...	J. L. Hatton	2d.		
19.	Thoughts of Childhood. S.A.T.B. ...	Henry Smart	2d.		
20.	Spring's Return. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
21.	An old Church Song. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
22.	Sabbath Bells. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
23.	Serenade. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
24.	Cold Autumn wind. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
25.	Orpheus with his lute. S.S.S. ...	"	Bennett Gilbert	2d.	
26.	Lullaby. S.A.A. ...	"	"	1d.	
27.	This is my own, my native land. S.A.T.B. ...	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.		
28.	March of the Men of Harlech. S.A.T.B. ...	Dr Rimbault	2d.		
29.	God save the Queen. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	1d.	
30.	Rule, Britannia. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	1d.	
31.	The Retreat. T.T.B.B. ...	"	L. de Rille	2d.	
32.	Lo! morn is breaking. S.S.S. ...	"	Cherubini	2d.	
33.	We are spirits. S.S.S. ...	"	"	2d.	
34.	Market Chorus (<i>Musaniello</i>). S.A.T.B. ...	Sir G. A. Macfarren	4d.		
35.	The Prayer (<i>Musaniello</i>). S.A.T.B. ...	"	Auber	4d.	
36.	The Water Sprites. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Kücken	2d.	
37.	Eve's glittering star. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
38.	When first the primrose. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
39.	O dewdrop bright. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	1d.	
40.	Sanctus from the <i>Messe Solennelle</i> . S.A.T.B. ...	"	Rossini	4d.	
41.	Nine Kyries, Ancient and Modern ...	"	Gill	2d.	
42.	Sun of my soul. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Brinley Richards	2d.	
43.	'Twas fancy and the ocean's spray. S.A.T.B. ...	"	G. A. Osborne	2d.	
44.	A Prayer for those at Sea. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	2d.	
45.	O Thou, Whose power (Prayer from <i>Mosé in Egitto</i>) ...	"	Rossini	2d.	
46.	The Guard on the Rhine. S.A.T.B. ...	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.		
47.	The German Fatherland. S.A.T.B. ...	"	"	1d.	
48.	The Lord is my Shepherd (Quartet). S.A.T.B. ...	"	G. A. Osborne	2d.	
49.	Te Deum in F. ...	"	Jackson	2d.	
50.	Te Deum in F. ...	"	Nares	2d.	
51.	Charity (La Carità). S.S.S. ...	"	"	Rossini	4d.
52.	Cordella. A.T.T.B. ...	"	G. A. Osborne	4d.	
53.	I know. S.A.T.B. ...	"	Walter Hay	2d.	
54.	Chorus of Handmaidens (from <i>Fridolin</i>) ...	"	A. Randegger	4d.	
55.	The Offertory Sentences ...	"	Edmund Rogers	4d.	
56.	The Red-Cross Knight ...	"	Dr Callcott	2d.	
57.	The Chough and Crow ...	"	Sir H. R. Bishop	3d.	
58.	The "Carnovale" ...	"	"	Rossini	2d.
59.	Softly falls the moonlight ...	"	Edmund Rogers	2d.	
60.	Air by Himmel ...	"	Henry Leslie	4d.	
61.	Offertory Sentences ...	"	E. Sauerbrey	4d.	
62.	The Resurrection ...	"	C. Villiers Stanford	6d.	
63.	Our Boys. New Patriotic Song ...	"	H. J. Byron and W. M. Lutz	4d.	
64.	The Men of Wales ...	"	Brinley Richards	2d.	
65.	Dame Durden ...	"	"	1d.	
66.	A little farm well tilled ...	"	"	Hook	1d.
67.	There was a simple maiden ...	"	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.	
68.	Fair Hebe ...	"	"	1d.	
69.	Once I loved a maiden fair ...	"	"	1d.	
70.	The jovial Man of Kent ...	"	"	1d.	
71.	The Oak and the Ash ...	"	"	1d.	
72.	Heart of Oak ...	"	"	1d.	
73.	Come to the sunset tree ...	"	W. A. Phillpott	4d.	
74.	May. S.A.T.B. ...	"	W. F. Banks	2d.	
75.	Pure, lovely innocence (<i>Il Re di Lahore</i>), Chorus for female voices ...	"	"	4d.	
76.	A Love Idyl. S.A.T.B. ...	"	J. Massenet	4d.	
77.	Hail to the woods. A.T.T.B. ...	"	E. R. Terry	2d.	
78.	Near the town of Taunton Dean ...	"	J. Yarwood	2d.	
79.	Our merry boys at sea ...	"	Thomas J. Dudeney	2d.	
80.	Christ is risen (Easter Anthem). S.A.T.B. ...	"	J. Yarwood	4d.	
81.	When the sun sets o'er the mountains (<i>Il Demonio</i>) ...	"	Berlioz	3d.	
82.	Hymn of Nature ...	"	A. Rubinstein	3d.	
83.	Michaelmas Day (Humorous Part-Songs, No. 1) ...	"	Beethoven	3d.	
84.	Sporting Notes (Humorous Part-Songs, No. 2) ...	"	W. Maynard	4d.	
85.	Austrian National Hymn ...	"	"	4d.	
86.	A May Carol. S.S.G. ...	"	Haydn	4d.	
87.	The bright-hair'd Morn. A.T.T.B. ...	"	Joseph Robinson	4d.	
88.	Oh, Rest (<i>Volleda</i>) ...	"	Theodor L. Clemens	3d.	
89.	Love reigneth over all. T.T.B.B. ...	"	C. H. Lenepveu	4d.	
90.	Joy Waltz. T.T.B.B. ...	"	C. G. Elsässer	6d.	
91.	The Star of Bethlehem (Christmas Carol) ...	"	"	6d.	
92.	Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly. T.A.T.B. ...	"	Theodor L. Clemens	2d.	
93.	Love wakes and weeps. A.T.B.B. ...	"	Felix W. Morley	2d.	

LONDON: CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, W.
City Branch—14 & 15, POULTRY, E.C.

Price 5s. paper cover; 7s. 6d. cloth.



ALBUM OF OPERATIC DUETS.

A COLLECTION OF

Forty of the most celebrated Duets, for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano, and Soprano and Contralto, selected from the following Operas, with Italian and English Words :—

GIURAMENTO.
COSI FAN TUTTI.
IL PROFETA.
ROMEO E GIULIETTA.
MATILDA DI SHABRAN.
FURIOSO.
SARGINO.
MOSE IN EGITTO.
CENERENTOLA.
DIDONE ABBANDONATA.
SOSARME.
NOZZE DI FIGARO.
MARTA.
CROWN DIAMONDS.
FREISCHÜTZ.

MARIA PADILLA.
OTELLO.
LINDA.
DONNA DEL LAGO.
CLEMENZA DI TITO.
VESTALE.
GEMMA DI VERGY.
BIANCA E FALLIERO.
TANCREDI.
DEMETRIO E POLIBIO.
ANDRONICO.
DINORAH.
NORMA.
SEMIRAMIDE.
MIRELLA.

LONDON : BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET, W.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, August 29, 1885.